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Demolitions in King Street

THE revolt in the British Communist Party is over. Though it caused some trouble and public embarrassment for the functionaries of King Street, it never looked like loosening their grip on the party machine. For one thing, the "opposition" was divided. Some of the dissidents sought only to "reform" the Communist Party; some wanted it to become a Marxist group, patterned after the Fabian Society; some simply proposed to wind it up. Secondly, too many of the "revisionists"—to use the convenient phrase employed by Mr. Gollan and his associates—simply walked out: about 7,000 members or nearly one-fifth of the party tore up their cards in despair and disgust at the events of last summer and autumn. Finally, therefore, the small group that remained to carry the fight to the floor of the Hammersmith congress was swamped by the "loyal" majority.

The victory of the party leadership was a foregone conclusion. The question that arises is what use King Street will yet make of the party rump. It is clear that nothing will now shake the convictions or the consciences of the hard core of the party—though some figures given by Mr. John Mahon to the congress suggest that the number of active members is a fraction of the nominal 27,000 card-holders. Indeed, there is some rejoicing that the "confused defeatists" have taken themselves off. Mr. Kettle, a university teacher, was put up by the platform to describe how the intellectuals' "way of life" cut them off from reality: "It ill behoves us," he said, "as middle-class Communists, to see ourselves as the moral conscience of the party. I am really sick of the consciences displayed by such characters as Peter Fryer and Gabriel." Mr. Kettle and those who applauded him will certainly have no difficulty in going down the new line. If they can cheerfully endorse Mr. Gollan's appeal to demonstrate "to our comrades in Hungary, who have the most difficult task of all, who are really building Socialism, that the British Communists stand behind them," they will endorse anything that Moscow or King Street says in the future.

They are, of course, convinced that they are the vanguard of the working-class, and that in time their campaigns for "unity" with the Labour Party and for "breaking the grip of the right-wing leaders" will lead to the creation of "a single working-class party based on Marxism." Hence the attention devoted to *The British Road to Socialism*, which is the C.P. blueprint for the years ahead. Certainly there are good Socialists who would agree to many of the policy points made in that document. But there can be very few outside the Communist Party who any longer believe that the C.P. is a fit, or even a possible, instrument for achieving those aims. Despite the "British" trimmings, the centre of John Gollan's report was its demand for undeviating support of the Soviet Union.

What can a party with this attitude contribute to British politics? What guarantee is there that in the future its leaders will prove better informed about the situation in Russia, or more self-critical of their own failures and futilities? None at all. Tomorrow, as yesterday, "proletarian solidarity" is to be the substitute for clear thinking and honest analysis. For such reasons, the C.P. will steadily decline. But for its hold on certain unions and on the shop-stewards' movement it would soon matter no more than the I.L.P. or the S.P.G.B.

It is able to retain that hold for two reasons. First, the "working-class" members of the C.P. have been much less affected by Krushchev's revelations about Stalin, and by Hungary, than were the "intellectuals" that Mr. Kettle and Mr. Rothstein denounced. These workers are in the C.P. because they see it as a "militant" faction of the Labour movement, not as the apologist for the U.S.S.R. Secondly, Labour Party members in the trade unions have too often been slothful or indifferent industrial leaders. There is now evidence that "militancy" may no longer be a monopoly of the Communists, and that the unions may increasingly be given a vigorous lead by men who are convinced Socialists. Once this happens, once the shop-floor leader and branch secretary can be freed from a neo-syndicalist distaste for Labour "politics," then it will not matter what poses are struck by Messrs. Gollan, Mathews and Dutt.

Comments on the Week's News

Moscow Sounds the All Clear

The period of acute international tension, which began last summer and reached its climax in November, is drawing to a close. Understandably, Moscow could not resist the temptation to squeeze the last drop of propaganda out of the Suez crisis by publishing the extremely damaging Bulganin-Eden correspondence, but this probably marks the end rather than the beginning of a phase. The new Bulganin letter to Macmillan, by contrast, sounds the All Clear, and is a return to the mood of peaceful coexistence which marked the Krushchev-Bulganin visit to Britain last May. True enough, it contains no specific new proposals, but it seems to indicate that the U.S.S.R. is anxious to reach at least limited agreement in two fields: the Middle East and disarmament. On the first point, Moscow would like to see a big power declaration not to use force in the area—which would effectively hamstring both the Baghdad Pact and the Eisenhower Doctrine. Put like this, the Soviet request is propagandist. But the Russian fear that the Doctrine will increase tension in the area—the Jordan crisis could be cited as the first example—and so threaten Soviet security is clearly genuine, and they have much to gain from a compromise formula. The letter, in short, is a hint that Moscow would like to have high level talks on the Middle East. The section of the letter dealing with disarmament appears to echo the fear, already expressed by the Labour Party, that the new defence White Paper has opened a new phase in the nuclear arms race in that it "attempts to condition mankind to the savage, monstrous thought of the inevitability of atomic warfare." In view of the recent Soviet attitude towards nuclear tests, which has been cynical in the extreme, such sentiments may ring a little hollow; and Bulganin can hardly be sincere in reiterating the outmoded theory that all tests are self-policing. But the letter seems to confirm the view that Russia attaches great importance to the present series of disarmament talks, and that she is determined to reach some form of agreement—which could later be widened in scope—before other secondary powers follow Britain's lead and concentrate defence spending on nuclear arms.

The Return of Lukacs

The release of the famous Marxist philosopher, George Lukacs, from internment seems to be part of a plan to give some intellectual respectability to the Kadar regime. It is not clear whether Lukacs has given any undertaking of "good behaviour." When he was kidnapped after leaving the Yugoslav Embassy, together with Imre Nagy, Madame Rajk and others, the Hungarian authorities claimed that he might be used as a rallying point "for unscrupulous and reactionary elements." His release may simply be a gesture which Kadar feels now involves little risk. But it must be seen in the context of the efforts being made to rally "honest and sincere" intellectuals against the "counter-revolution." To this end, new "cultural" committees of journalists, writers and scientists have been set up to take the place of the "charlatans" who led these groups into "anti-Sovietism and anti-Socialism." These committees, of course, are led by men on whom the regime can rely; those who led the old organisations are now in emigration, in prison or honoured by disgrace. No doubt Kadar feels that some window-dressing of this kind is now required. The return of Lukacs, moreover, suggests that a decision has been taken about the fate of the others in the Nagy group, for the appearance of Lukacs reminds the public of the circumstances in which they were all spirited away. This suggests that there may be something in the rumours that Nagy is to be tried before long.

All This and Schweitzer Too

With Dr. Schweitzer's pronouncement from the Belgian Congo, public disquiet about the hazards of the H-Bomb is building up to a formidable pressure on officialdom. There is, however, a good deal of confusion about the nature of the dangers of radiation, and one of its sources is the glib use by government spokesmen of the Medical Research Council's report of a year ago on radiation hazards. Official spokesmen quote the reassuring parts of the report and ignore the muted, but disturbing, undertones. They also ignore the fact that the report referred to the radiation conditions which existed at the end of 1955. A great deal has happened since. That is what makes last week's report of the committee set up by the Atomic Scientists' Association so important. This reminds us that at least 50,000 people will suffer from leukemia, which is "cancer of the blood," as a result of the bombs already exploded—apart from any other consequences, hereditary and otherwise. This is based on the assumption that the chances of cancer of the bone are proportional to the amount of radioactivity which is present in the bone—however small the amount may be. There is also the consideration that growing children absorb radioactive strontium more rapidly than elders. The committee made it clear that a nuclear bomb of the type used at Bikini in 1954 will cause one cancer in a thousand people. Since then bombs of at least 50 million tons-equivalence have been exploded.

The Vendetta Against Nyerere

The Colonial Office is in danger of making one of its most tragic blunders in the history of African colonial rule. The trust territory of Tanganyika is perhaps the most important territory remaining under British authority. It is the hinge of multi-racial Africa. On the future of race relations here may very well depend racial peace throughout East and Central Africa. Its previous comparatively happy relations provide the British government with their best opportunity to plan democracy consciously in a multi-racial state. This opportunity they are wantonly throwing away as they refuse to recognise the force of African nationalism. The main African organisation, the Tanganyika African National Union, led by its likeable president, Julius Nyerere, is a moderate, co-operative body, but it is devoted to the kind of democratic progress outlined in Labour's *Plural Society*. Yet Sir Edward Twining and his government seem to be maintaining a vendetta against Nyerere for having addressed the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations. They have stupidly banned him from addressing public meetings and have begun to close down TANU branches. As the country is in the midst of discussing the new electoral proposals, this action is aimed at suppressing democratic discussion of the future constitution. TANU stands for parity between African and non-African, election of all unofficial members, universal adult suffrage, and the maintenance of an official majority until self-government is on the horizon. They would also like a date fixed for self-government—as the U.N. visiting mission suggested. This is hardly a revolutionary or inflammatory programme. It is, indeed, based on Labour's own proposals.

Breakdown in Kenya

The demand of the newly elected Kenyan African members for an increase in the number of their seats follows inevitably from the continual and myopic European rejection of a common roll. Except for a notable handful, the Europeans of Kenya, like those of South Africa, have been so frightened of the Africans that they have been led into an attitude of rigidity which in itself can only lead to greater African hostility. So long as the Europeans insist that members of the legislative council be elected by separate racial electorates, they can only expect both white and black candidates to appeal to racial extremism. In such a contest the logic of numbers must eventually give the Africans domination. Quite rationally, the eight African members have immediately pointed out that they are incapable of keeping in touch with their quarter of a million constituents scattered about the country. It would be equally logical for them to draw attention to the fact that their electorate consists of less than one in ten of the total adult population, whereas the 14 European members represent at the most 30,000 electors. The Africans demand that their population of over five million be represented by 23 members, compared with 14 Europeans for less than 30,000 white inhabitants, and eight Asians for 150,000. The Kenya government has refused the African demand on the grounds that, under the Lyttelton constitution, constitutional changes cannot be made before 1960 without the consent of all racial groups. Yet it is clear that the Lyttelton constitution is now breaking down. It is obviously time for another constitutional conference, representative of all the races and the British government.

The Bones of Roger Casement

To the Irish, Roger Casement, shot by the British as a traitor, will always remain a national hero. They demand that his bones, buried in a prison yard, should be transferred to his native land. To this, as to all other proposals for reopening the case of Casement, successive Home Secretaries of both parties have maintained a stubborn resistance. In particular the Home Office has always refused to discuss the dirty business of Casement's diary. What the original diary was and whether it exists is in question, but many of us have seen typescripts of a document which is said in its original form to have been in Casement's handwriting. The one point that is established beyond doubt is that this detailed record of homosexual acts was used to stifle support for an appeal for clemency on behalf of a man whose record before 1914 was that of a brave humanitarian. No one can pretend that this diary, whether faked or real, was in any way relevant to the question whether the liberator of the tortured Indians of Putumayo should or should not be hanged. The issue of these diaries has recently been sharply raised in this and other journals and in more than one book. A further challenging contribution to this controversy, *The Accusing Ghost* by Alfred Noyes, is being published next week by Gollancz. It will be reviewed in these columns by Dr. Letitia Fairfield, who has made an objective study of the relevant evidence in this country and Ireland.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Malta

Deadline : May 1

A Special Correspondent writes: The British public has probably become so accustomed to Maltese crises that it is making the mistake of regarding the present situation as nothing more than another example of "crying wolf." That could be a tragically false estimate. The political atmosphere here is charged with electricity. Mr. Mintoff and his colleagues returned from London on April 3. Since then, in spite of constant jibes from the opposition and its press and natural impatience from their supporters, they have been carefully circumspect. Now the period of patience is nearing its end. The gay annual carnival is already beginning and will reach its height next week. But on May 1 the Malta Labour Party will be holding a giant demonstration at Floriana and the Assembly will reconvene on May 7. There is little chance that the Prime Minister can be persuaded to hold his tongue beyond May Day. The people of Malta have, indeed, a right to know what is going on. What is Mintoff to say? The choice for him is unenviable. Having persuaded his people that their only hope of political and economic freedom is through integration with Britain, he then accomplished the more difficult task of convincing the British parliament of the same case. When he came to negotiate the details, however, he discovered that the present British government, while willing to accept Maltese members at Westminster, showed little recognition of the demand that these members should represent electors with the same economic rights as the British. Though the Maltese government recognise that progress towards equivalent living standards must be gradual and that they are called to make their own effort, they none the less insist on a guarantee that equivalence shall be achieved within a given period. At the same time they demand that, as the Maltese people increase their taxation and contributions, they have the right to expect that their social service benefits shall be correspondingly raised. Without the acceptance of this central economic principle, political integration is a sham to this island people. The British government, however, insists that almost all Maltese advance towards equivalence shall depend on the vagaries of productivity in the island's economy. They are prepared to continue to subsidise capital investment, social services and education, but refuse to guarantee that equivalent standards will ever be reached. Meanwhile, in the new strategic scene, Malta is no longer considered an essential base, though British Ministers would, no doubt, like to hold on to it for five years or so while they make a full assessment of the needs of their new naval strategy.

So Mintoff has to decide whether to accept political integration accompanied by economic discrimination, or find another policy. He has his cabinet, party executive, parliamentary group, and the General Workers' Union unanimously behind him in rejecting second-class economic citizenship of the British Isles. His only alternative is to demand independence. That would mean offering defence treaties to Britain and Nato, looking for capital outside Britain, increasing emigration, and calling on the Maltese to tighten their belts in the cause of nationalism. Such an appeal would find an emotional response from the Maltese workers. They would easily be convinced that Britain, after using them and their homeland for her own colonial purposes for a century and a half, is unwilling to treat them as equal citizens or like any other area in the United Kingdom. They point out that the gap between their present standards and those of Britain is not their fault, and they feel very bitter that there seems to be little recognition of the sacrifices they have made in the cause of imperial defence. If Mintoff makes this call they will respond with bitter anger against perfidious, ungrateful Albion. The friendship of this small community for Britain, which led them to the threshold of the British family, is rapidly turning sour.

Athens

The Archbishop Returns

A Correspondent writes: Archbishop Makarios's speech, made after his triumphal drive into Athens last week, was a declaration of no-compromise on the basic claim of the Greek Cypriots for full and unfettered self-determination within a reasonable time. In this mood, Makarios is certain to regard the existence of Eoka—in fighting trim—as an essential bargaining weapon. Within narrow limits dictated by the instinct for political survival, the role of the Greek government during the current talks with the Archbishop is to temper his more extreme demands. The disposition of Mr. Karamanlis is clearly seen in the measures he took to mute the triumphal overtones of the Archbishop's arrival, and in the small differences between the Archbishop's balcony speech (which was not broadcast by the central radio stations) and the official text published in the newspapers. The Archbishop's scornful reference to the "instigated opposition of Turkey" as an argument against self-determination, was omitted entirely from the official text. And the phrase "we shall continue and intensify the fight" was watered down to "we shall continue and intensify our efforts." The Greek opposition has attempted to exploit the situation by spreading the myth of an unbridgeable gulf between the government and Makarios. The government is said to fear the Archbishop's political ambitions in Greece, and to be sabotaging his efforts to win freedom for Cyprus. In reality, relations between Makarios and the Greek government, if somewhat cautious in the early stages, are basically good. Makarios prefers to rely on the support of a government in power (and one which has already obtained considerable satisfaction from the U.N.); while the government is persuaded that Makarios, more than any other potential Cypriot leader, is capable of being led towards a policy which takes account of international realities. The chief difficulty for the moment is seen here as being the fact that Mr. Karamanlis himself does not know how far compromise would have to go in order to meet with a response in Whitehall. And with every day that passes, the increasing violence of the Turkish government's opposition makes it more unlikely than ever that the Greek government can contemplate the three-power negotiation through Nato on which Whitehall is still insisting.

NEXT WEEK

Poland's New Model Economy
by K. S. KAROL

The Perils of Hypergamy
An anthropological view of Lucky Jim
by GEOFFREY GORER

Ottawa

Storm Clouds Around Mr. Pearson

A Correspondent writes: Mingled with the pity and anger which the suicide of Ambassador Norman has aroused in Canada, is a widespread suspicion that the real target of American intervention in the matter is Mr. Lester Pearson, Secretary of State for External Affairs; that "Washington," which includes President, Congress, Pentagon and State Department, does not want to see him as the next Prime Minister of Canada and thinks the time to block him is now. They may be right.

The federal election of June 10 will, barring miracles, return Prime Minister St. Laurent and his Liberal majority to power. The question is how long Mr. St. Laurent will continue to carry the responsibility which, it is known, his family wishes him to lay down. For five years the Liberal machine, the big contributors, the party workers, have done their best to popularise Walter Harris, Minister of Finance, as his natural successor. Mr. Harris has proved impossible to popularise. Capable, hard-working, conscientious within the limits of his job, he is so cautious that no one knows what he is like or what he thinks, or even if he does think. Meanwhile Pearson has been making history and a good name for Canada outside the country. The faults found with him are that he has been too busy to know his own country, and that he does not speak French, almost a necessity for a Canadian politician, though Mackenzie King never did. A year ago it looked as if Harris would succeed without difficulty. Then Pearson dodged the Nato secretaryship, and let it be known that he meant to stay in Canada. Admiration for his conduct in the Suez crisis has made him the leading candidate to succeed St. Laurent in a year or two or three.

But he has not always followed the American lead in every respect. He was calling for the recognition of Communist China in an American magazine (that is how Canadians find out about their foreign policy) over a year ago, though he never brought the matter to a decision. He tried to chart a middle course between U.S. and U.K. over Suez, he was the chief instigator of UNEF. He was a close friend of Norman and he stoutly defended him. He announced that Canada would consider ceasing to exchange security information, unless it obtains some guarantee on its use. He has been forced on to shakier ground than he first took, admitting that Norman had some Communist associations in college days, while reiterating that the government had entire confidence in him, and a right to choose who should represent it. Prime Minister St. Laurent "believes the Norman case is a closed issue." He could not be more wrong. Already the Tory papers are printing "the full story" of Norman's connections with the Institute of Pacific Relations. All this will be a field day for Mr. Duplessis, the Premier of Quebec, who now charges that the Liberals coddle Communists; and for the Social Crediters, some of whom maintain that the U.S. government sold out Chiang Kai-shek because it was dominated by Communists. Pearson's own constituents will probably return him; and it will then be up to the Prime Minister to decide on the future of his Foreign Minister.

Round Two in Jordan

THE first phase of the Jordan crisis ended with the formation of the Khalidi government. The second is now taking place, and its result is likely to determine not merely Jordan's position in the power structure of the Middle East, but the success or failure of the Eisenhower Doctrine. In origin, the crisis is purely local: an episode in the internal struggle for power between Jordan's Palestinian west—violently anti-Israeli, secular in outlook, led by politicians of the Socialist Baath movement who are working for union with Syria—and the Bedouin east—tribal, anti-urban, and royalist. The struggle has been latent since the 1949 armistice placed a section of Palestine under Jordan rule, and so altered the country's demographic centre of gravity, but last year it reached an acute stage. The removal of General Glubb opened the higher ranks of the Arab Legion to Palestinians, and the October elections returned an assembly in which, for the first time, west bank Arabs had a majority. The Nabulsi government, formed after the elections, brought the Anglo-Jordanian treaty to an end, replaced the British subsidy by a financial agreement with Syria, Egypt and Saudi Arabia, and began a systematic purge of Bedouin and loyalist elements in the civil service. The overthrow of Hussein himself seemed merely a matter of time.

The king's determination to stake everything on a military counter-revolution was prompted by events both inside and outside Jordan. In the first week of April, President Kuwatly of Syria succeeded in securing the dismissal of a number of left-wing civil servants and army officers, while the Lebanese government forced through parliament a motion welcoming the Eisenhower Doctrine. Meanwhile the Richards mission, having completed its visit to Libya, was awaiting instructions to continue its journey to Syria, Jordan and Egypt.

"The Difference between our outlook and the Socialist outlook on life is the difference between the Ladder and the Queue."
— Winston Churchill, October 8, 1951.

Hussein may well have calculated that the moment to scramble to safety under the American umbrella had arrived, and he was doubtless influenced by the fact that the Doctrine, with its promises of generous financial aid, offered a way out of Jordan's growing financial embarrassments. Of the three states which had agreed to underwrite the Jordan budget, only one—Saudi Arabia—had come up to scratch with a hard currency credit of £500,000. Syria had not only refused to pay her share but had sent in a bill for the maintenance of Syrian units stationed in Jordan territory, while Egypt had offered useless credits in blocked Egyptian pounds. By the beginning of the month, the Arab Legion's pay was already overdue and the government was preparing plans to disband some of the Bedouin units. The last straw appears to have been not so much Nabulsi's decision to exchange diplomatic missions with Russia, as his demand for the resignation of a further 27 loyalist officials, including members of Hussein's personal staff. It was at this point that Hussein dismissed Nabulsi, took over personal direction of the army, and began to rally his loyal Bedouin chieftains.

What has the king achieved by this? Very little. His attempt to form a Bedouin-dominated cabinet, ruling by martial law, failed miserably. The Khalidi cabinet—even if it survives, which now seems doubtful—is a paper compromise, paralysed by internal contradictions. It lacks the will to control the Baath-incited street mobs by force, and it is unwilling to carry out the reorientation of foreign policy which the king desires. Moreover, its formation does not solve Jordan's basic financial problem. It cannot appeal for American help, while Syria and Egypt are unlikely to go bail for an administration which is working, even if unwillingly, against their own interests.

But there remains Saudi Arabia; and here the problem ceases to be of purely local significance. Since the Suez crisis and the proclamation of the new American policy, King Saud has shown signs of a desire to break away from the Egypt-Syria bloc and play an independent role. In recent years, Saud's dynastic feud with the Hashemite kingdoms of Iraq and Jordan has aligned him with the Cairo-Damascus axis and the more extreme pan-Arabists. But it may be that a more natural dividing line in the Arab world is between the oil-producing states—Iraq, Saudi-Arabia and and the Gulf Sheikdoms—and those through which oil is merely transported, and which have, in consequence, less to gain from friendly relations with the West. The recent stoppage of oil supplies, which affected Saudi Arabia's revenues, and Saud's highly rewarding trip to Washington, may have convinced him that self-interest is a more realistic basis for policy than pan-Arabism.

This analysis, if correct, would explain his attitude during the Jordan crisis. Far from taking advantage of this opportunity to complete the overthrow of his dynastic enemy, he appears to have offered him military and financial aid; and it is even reported that he plans to pay friendly visits to both Hashemite sovereigns. It is possible, therefore, that he may be planning to subsidise Jordan, and so keep Hussein on the throne, for an indefinite period. This could be a step of great significance: by taking it, he would solve not merely Hussein's difficulties, but those of the State Department; for though America is plainly anxious to maintain Hussein in power, it cannot intervene directly. If, however, Saud is willing to act as America's broker in Jordan, the Eisenhower Doctrine could claim its first major victory.

Mr. Macmillan's Time-Bomb

If any fission forces had still been active in the Parliamentary Labour Party last week, they would have split it wide open during the two-day debate on defence. Mr. Sandys and Mr. Macmillan both expended a great deal of ingenuity and time in trying to spark off the explosion. It was no good. Apparently the Shadow Cabinet has really learnt the lesson of 1951. Instead of tearing the party to pieces in an effort to enforce unity, Mr. George Brown gloried in our differences about the H-bomb as proof of our democratic strength.

For the time being this is satisfactory—but only for the time being. When the annual conference meets at the end of September it will be impossible any longer to avoid the main issue by demanding the suspension of British nuclear tests. For by then, we must assume, the big bang will have taken place. We shall be face to face with the question what to do with the British H-bomb after we are sure we've got it.

Quite a number of my colleagues seem to assume that this question was decided once and for all when the National Executive two years ago accepted Earl Attlee's advice and issued a statement in support of its production. "With the pacifist strength growing month by month," one of them said to me recently, "it would be the height of folly to reopen that question now and let it become a major conference issue. The best course will be to keep our attitude to the H-bomb unchanged, but say as little about it as possible and concentrate attention on disarmament." The more I study the White Paper and the Prime Minister's comments last Wednesday upon it, the less I like this advice. We all hope that there will be a Labour government before 1960. Yet in that year the time-bomb planted by the Tories will be due to go off. That time-bomb is the decision to let the National Service acts lapse, so that the last year in which a call-up is possible will be 1960.

But what has that got to do with the British H-bomb? The answer was given by Mr. Macmillan. It will only be possible, he told us, to abolish conscription thanks to the decision to rely unreservedly on nuclear weapons—including not only a stockpile of British H-bombs, with the means to deliver them, but an armoury of British nuclear tactical weapons for use by our troops in the field. Mr. Macmillan was perfectly frank about it, and so was Mr. Eisenhower in his comments on the White Paper, when he congratulated Mr. Sandys on following the American example and introducing a New Look strategy. What the Minister of Defence has done, in fact, is to repeat Mr. Dulles's "agonising reappraisal" and decide that Britain, too, shall adopt a strategy of "mobile retaliation at places of our own choosing."

Fortunately the Parliamentary Labour Party has unanimously rejected this policy in the division lobby. In addition to voting for the party's reasoned amendment, we voted a second time—against the White Paper itself. So, although we ourselves advocate the ending of conscription as soon as possible, we are now officially opposed to the method of abolishing it laid down in the White Paper. I am convinced that this stand is not only militarily correct but politically wise. For the Sandys policy is a reckless double gamble—a gamble on the nuclear deterrent and a gamble on regular recruitment—which may well face a Labour government in 1960 with a desperate international situation. By then we shall have a small collection of unusable nuclear weapons, a small strategic bomber force, and insufficient regulars to man even the reduced conventional forces. We shall have jeopardised the power to defend ourselves, in the only kind of war this country can wage; and we shall have done so for the sake of producing deterrents which add nothing to our security but give us the illusion that we are still a power in the same class as the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. If, under these circumstances, one of our still existing overseas commitments is threatened and we fail (as I sincerely hope we shall) to use nuclear weapons, we shall face a super-Munich.

Of course this kind of international crisis is only a possibility; but it is certain that there will be a domestic defence crisis in 1960 if Labour is in power. For by then what Mr. Sandys knows perfectly well, but officially ignores, will be obvious to everyone. There will be a gaping gap between the minimum manpower requirements of the services and the number of regulars obtained by voluntary recruitment; and the government's plan to get rid of conscription by "going nuclear" will have demonstrably failed. What can a Labour government do in such a crisis? It will be faced with the demand from the service chiefs for another bout of peacetime rearmament *à la Korea*, and the Minister of Defence will be told to prepare a bill for re-introducing national service in 1960, or alternatively for switching to an American-style selective draft. That is the time-bomb laid by the Tories this spring and due to go off in 1960.

It is clear that nothing we do now or resolve to do in two years' time will prevent this time-bomb going off. But in this case to be forewarned is to be quite strongly forearmed. What is essential is that Labour's official defence spokesman should tell the nation frankly that the decision to abolish National Service by relying on nuclear weapons will leave us militarily defenceless, diplomatically impotent and even more dependent on the U.S. than we are today. The White Paper reveals that we are now preparing for three kinds of war; (a) world war waged with "dirty" H-bombs; (b) regional wars waged with "clean" atomic tactical bombs; and (c) police actions or colonial wars waged with conventional weapons. By deciding to concentrate on the production of weapons for (a) and (b) Mr. Sandys has not altered the fact that what we are most likely to be actually faced with is (c). How can the addition of a small stock of British nuclear weapons to a large stock of American nuclear weapons reduce the danger of a local bush fire which can only be extinguished by a conventional fire brigade? The answer is that it can't, and the White Paper is a fraud because it pretends that it can.

So we have two alternatives. We can try to remain a super-power alongside Russia and America. In that case we shall need (as the Russians and Americans do) *both* nuclear weapons *and* conventional forces far larger than can be raised on a voluntary basis. Alternatively we can accept our relegation to the second division, alongside such nations as India, Germany and Japan. In that case we do not need, as they do not need, *either* nuclear weapons *or* huge conventional forces. The only condition on which we can responsibly abandon national service is that we renounce the status of a super-power, cut out our last commitments in the Middle East (including Cyprus and Aden) and concentrate in our defence planning on providing our fair share towards the Nato alliance and the policing of the Commonwealth.

One objection I shall meet is that the Labour Party cannot denounce the White Paper and preach this kind of alternative defence policy without admitting that there has been an official change of mind about the H-bomb. But surely there are worse crimes than changing one's mind in a rapidly changing world. It is just two years since, together with George Wigg, I published in the New Statesman a lengthy article in which we anticipated with disconcerting precision the strategy of Mr. Sandys's White Paper. It was our first try at thinking the problem through, and we evolved the theory that the best chance for Britain was to take an appalling calculated risk by reducing our conventional defences to a trip wire, and concentrating on nuclear weapons. We were duly rebuked by all responsible people for advocating a strategic gamble which would leave these islands completely defenceless if the deterrent failed to work.

Everything which has happened during the last two years has convinced me that although our analysis was right, and our logic sound, one of our basic premises has proved to be wrong. We were right to make a hard-and-fast division between conventional and nuclear weapons—all the talk since then about "graduated deterrents" have merely confused the issue. We were also right to predict that if the government went in for both it would get neither. Where we were wrong was in our assumption that we could achieve independence of the United States as well as national security by relying on a nuclear defence policy.

Nuclear strategy is a bluff which does not work, because it is impossible to convince a potential enemy that we shall commit national suicide if he launches a minor, conventional attack. Those who practice brinkmanship, relying on nuclear weapons, suffer military defeat, as Mr. Dulles discovered in Indo-China; while those who try to strike a balance between dirty H-bombs, clean tactical weapons and conventional warfare fall between three stools, as we learnt at Suez. All the evidence of the last two years is that, for a country of our size and geographical situation, the wisest defence policy would be to renounce along with our European neighbours (particularly Germany and France) the production and use of nuclear weapons; and to build up with them small, conventional forces—streamlined and extremely mobile—for the defence of the Nato area. Their role would be to deter conventional-attack while the United States continued to provide the nuclear deterrent.

If this were the moderate and realistic defence target of the next Labour government, we might not be able to end conscription in 1960. But we should probably be able to do so within a very brief period, *and in agreement with our Nato allies*, as we are now pledged to do. We should also be able to release for civilian use the scientists and technologists now wasted on the Great Deterrent; and we should have a chance of cutting the defence budget below the £1,000m. level—an essential preliminary to carrying out our plans for improved education, pensions, etc. If, however, the Labour Party is afraid of learning the lesson of the last two years and changing its mind about the British H-bomb, I am afraid that the unity displayed last week will gradually flake off. Faced with the choice between a "nuclear realism" which is based on self-deception and a pacifism which seems to be more and more realistic, the Labour movement will be afflicted with the kind of schizophrenia which was the curse of the 1930s. If it is in that state of mind when 1960 comes, a Labour government will find itself unable to deal with Mr. Macmillan's time-bomb.

R. H. S. Crossman

A German Diary

WITH five months to go before the general election, I found Adenauer still ready confidently to prophesy his own victory. But Social Democratic hopes were high. They had fallen somewhat after events in Hungary. Absurdly their Catholic opponents again taunted them with an atheistic, do-business-with-the-U.S.S.R. smear. But the pronouncement of the Göttingen professors on nuclear warfare has put them on their feet again. What fun for them when the Chancellor called a conference with these scientists, only to find that his own atomic minister, Herr Balke, agreed with the rebels and that Otto Hahn and his colleagues stuck stubbornly to their anti-nuclear guns!

* * *

Nuclear arms and unification must be the main election issue. In conversation, Herr Erler, the very able Social Democratic expert on Defence (and perhaps foreign minister if the SDP forms a government) and Ollenhauer, the SDP leader, both put their party's case in very plain terms. They stand for a quick western agreement on the terms of a possible bargain with Russia about the Eastern zone, and for a small professional army without nuclear weapons inside a "European Security System." A few Social Democrats, like Max Brauer, the former Burgomeister who inspired the spectacularly successful reconstruction of Hamburg, believe that Germany should rather have a national militia on the Swiss model. A German army, they argue, could not in any case withstand a Russian invasion; if western Germany was occupied, a national militia would be a more harassing guerilla force than a professional army. Afterwards, conversation with an Asian diplomat (not an Indian) reinforced the SDP case by asking me how long I thought Asian powers, now uncommitted, could refuse offers of nuclear weapons from Russia if America hands them out to its Seato and Nato allies?

* * *

Neither the CDU nor SDP will win an absolute majority; the balance will again be held by small parties. The "German Party" will no doubt again support the CDU, and the Refugee Party, which declines in power as refugees become absorbed in industry, may again win enough votes to qualify it for representation in the national parliament. The Free Democrats are puzzling. This small party contains old-fashioned liberals, middle-of-the-roaders, and progressives who are not afraid of at least a measure of state control. These last are led by a group in Schleswig-Holstein known as the "young Turks." The bargain may go either way. Some FDP members say they would only again support the CDU on condition that Adenauer stands down. This sounds like wishful-thinking, for Adenauer, at 81 still the toughest baby in Germany, talks happily about another 5 years of office when any of his colleagues are rash enough to suggest that it is time for him to cultivate his rose-garden. Herr Meier, the leader of the FDP, supports the SDP on foreign and arms policy, and seems ready to co-operate with Ollenhauer on condition that he does not threaten nationalisation. It is even stated that Ollenhauer has promised not to socialise anything and to allot the Ministry of Economic Affairs to the FDP in a future coalition. However this may be, it is certain that Ollenhauer is now very careful not to alienate the FDP by any Socialist promises.

* * *

No "left" is above ground in Western Germany. Soviet behaviour in Eastern Europe, and particularly Soviet treatment of war prisoners, has made it possible for Adenauer to outlaw Communism, which is now, I'm told, confined to the trade unions, where it exercises just about as much influence as it does in British trade unions. While I was in Germany an illuminating row took place in the Bundeshaus between Herr Wehner, an ex-Communist and one of the outstanding members of the SDP, and Herr Schroeder, the present Home Minister who is an ex-Nazi. It seems that there are now 27 Communists serving prison sentences for treason and that the others have been amnestied, though 500 or so are kept under police supervision.

* * *

Bonn is a prim city, the dullest capital in the world, someone called it. "No night life?" I asked. "No," they said. "She left for Cologne last week."

* * *

Berlin is a strange city today. That it could remain divided 150 miles behind the Iron Curtain with some 2½ millions in the West and 1½ in the East sector for nearly 12 years after the war is an anomaly that no one would have thought possible. Maybe some unknown writer is there today preserving its fantastic atmosphere just as Isherwood preserved the last days of Weimar. No prostitutes now take the salute in the Friedrichstrasse, but there are, I'm told, once again night clubs for the queer as well as for the normal. The opera in the West, they say, will soon rival Brecht's famous theatre in the East. You can make the comparison for yourself—if you are lucky enough to get tickets. No one will take any notice as you walk through the Brandenburg Gate; you can change your marks at par in the East sector or at 4 to 1 in the West, and, by dint of waiting long enough, you can buy tickets for the Communist opera. But unless you can show that you live in the East sector, shopkeepers (except booksellers), cannot serve you.

* * *

Then again, you cannot telephone across the frontier—unless you put your call through Hanover or some other distant city. But you can walk across the Potsdamer Platz and ring up a friend from the Soviet side of the street without difficulty. When you go on into the East sector you pass from the garish shopwindow of capitalism, reconstructed with much American aid and infinite German industry, into an incredibly dreary and still shattered world—until you come to Stalinallee, where the Russians have built a huge new street of modern flats to house, at cheap rents, some 20,000 families—said to be mainly those of privileged Communists. The factories work full blast in the East as well as the West, but there is nothing so spectacular in the East as Siemens town, where, in the heart of Berlin, a single capitalist firm employs and houses 35,000 workers. Of course, many Westerners complain of cramp. Berlin's famous string of lakes was crowded when, 25 years ago, I watched young men and women in bathing costumes playing sexy games on the Wannsee artificial beach for a whole long sunbaked Sunday afternoon. Today the crowd is far worse because these lakes and woods are the only place of recreation, indeed the only place in the world where any members of the Western population of Berlin can go outside the streets where they live. Drive on a little farther and you reach the frontier of the Zone. A stream of Easterners, all showing their passes, comes through the police barrier and takes train right through the West sector to their work in the East sector. That, of course, is one of the routes by which refugees pass through to Western Germany.

In Berlin you may find yourself moved, almost unbearably moved, in the Plötzensee prison where an enclosure has been walled off as a memorial to the men who revolted in 1944 or were found guilty at other times of greater loyalty to Germany and the world than to Hitler. Within, is the whitewashed room where they were hanged. The walls are lined with ribbons from wreaths brought in homage. At one end of the small barnlike room, is a wooden beam to which are attached, at only a little more than a man's height from the ground, about a dozen meat hooks. Here many (the official figure of 4,000 may be far too small) strong men, with nooses round their necks, kicked out their last slow minutes of agony—it might, I suppose, be very many minutes. From there one drives past the Spandau prison, an Allied preserve guarded in rotation by the Americans, British, French and Russians. This huge prison now confines only four war criminals. They are well treated, I'm told; they meet together though they are kept in cells; they have books; and no doubt also hope. The difficulty about releasing them is that both Keitel and Raeder were feted as heroes when they were let out. But I found it a shocking irony to move from Hitler's butcher's shop to this prison where we retain four men as a symbol of punishment for crimes against humanity, whilst the Russian and western powers alike prepare H-bombs for the next war.

* * *

"The young people?" I asked. "All rocking and rolling in Frankfurt and Berlin just as in London and Moscow." *My Fair Lady* is all the rage. They don't want to be conscripted, of course, but now that the CDU has pushed the law through, they don't complain. So far the call-up is slow and the Soviet terror in Budapest has overcome many hesitations. For the first time in history, Germany has provided for conscientious objection. Of course there is confusion of mind; the Western allies have created it. They spent an infinity of time, trouble and money, lecturing Germany on the wickedness of arms and militarism; then they switched to cursing them for being so slow in arming and recruiting for NATO! And now once again the British suggest that ground forces may not be much use; we are taking nearly half our troops out of Germany and relying on the "great deterrent." Clearly German youth must find its own solution; pray God it will not repeat the story of Weimar. I am encouraged by the immense success of *Anne Frank*, which has been played to large and guilt-stricken audiences throughout the cities of Germany. The simplicity, humanity and unsentimental pathos of this story has done what decades of propaganda could not do. For the first time, thousands of people, who had merely looked sullen when told about Hitler's gas chambers, have understood in personal terms just what the persecution of the Jews meant to a jolly Springhearted German girl. The Society for Jewish-Christian understanding in Hamburg was quick to see the opportunity and suggested a pilgrimage to Belsen. To their surprise there were thousands of applications from children willing to pay their own expenses to travel 250 kilometres to see the place where Anne—and so many others—were done to death. Many of the children went against the wishes of their parents. Six thousand was the number who, I was told, went this year. This pilgrimage of remembrance—and the repentance perhaps—is likely to be repeated each year from many parts of Germany. It will be a new and healing kind of national institution.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A youth in court at Uxbridge denied being with a gang of lads, saying: "I don't associate with people in working clothes when I'm in my Edwardian attire."—*Daily Herald*. (J. Cole.)

It is curious to note the number of men (some of whom obviously should know otherwise) walking abroad in a bowler hat and brown shoes. This could not have happened once.—Letter in *The Times*.' (J. N. Mayson.)

"In the past period we have had some unfortunate experiences and many people have been hurt by many things which should not have happened."—Speech by Mr. Bob Stewart at the Communist Congress, reported in *Daily Worker*. (R. P. D.)

To have served in the Grenadiers adds points to a man's reputation in Mayfair. He immediately becomes as socially important as a shop steward in factory circles.—*Women's Sunday Mirror*. (Philip French.)

Matchbox label collecting is a part of life which no one who goes in for it seriously would relinquish. It opens new and wider horizons to anyone who gets interested in it, and the many thousands of collectors in the world today know it as a hobby unsurpassed, with no barriers of race, creed or language.—*Western Morning News*. (Stephen Hatch.)

A Marxist Party?

MARXISM is a materialist interpretation of history, and those who are convinced of its validity combine to form a Communist Party which uses Marxism as a guide to political action. Marxist theory ventures on the long-range prediction that men will finally so organise social life that the fullest scientific knowledge and human understanding will be turned to satisfy human needs to the fullest possible extent. Such an imagined state of social ownership of the means of production is, for obvious reasons, called Communism. While, therefore, to a Marxist a Communist party is essential, *the* Communist Party could be spurious and non-Marxist.

It is not difficult to set out a criterion to enable us to decide this issue, for it is provided by relatively recent history. The Russian Revolution of 1917 began the first great historic experiment in Socialism; and under the guidance of Lenin and a group of men of outstanding ability, the new state succeeded in establishing itself in the face of a vast array of internal and external enemies. The dramatic history of the struggle against the numerous armies of intervention is a story by itself. For a whole generation, the Republics of the Soviet Union have, through many vicissitudes, built themselves up, from almost complete illiteracy, to relatively modernised states on a Socialist basis. They have survived Fascism and Nazism; thousands of their towns and villages have been devastated, and their populations decimated by the invading German armies. Hardly had the war come to an end before the Americans were erecting bases encircling them, with A-bomb poised, and demanding "negotiation from strength." By 1950, it was possible for a country, which in 1917 was almost incapable of building a machine, to attain a level of scientific and technical proficiency that gave it also the atom bomb, and so to negate "negotiation from strength." What these efforts must have cost in human sacrifice we may possibly imagine. What they meant in that international situation in emotional tension and psychological distortion can be glimmered when we think of the internal effect of a few years of cold war on the U.S. The U.S.S.R. has had this, and worse, for a whole generation.

To a Marxist all this must be reckoned as the cost of trying to pass from a ruthless Czarism to a modern Socialism in 40 years, as compared with perhaps 500 years of so-called normal development. Who are we to judge this, who take our own toll of human life merely for the sake of motor traffic? That faked trials and forced confessions under pressure, false treason charges and executions shock us, is natural to us who move forward with mincing steps from Magna Carta to a Socialist epoch without counting the totality of human sacrifice involved. We easily turn our heads away from colonial wars, from Kenya, Malaya and Cyprus.

The detailed history of all this must be of prime importance to Marxists, just because it is Socialist history. To what extent was the bureaucracy that had laid its cramping hand on the Soviet Union an inevitable outcome of the speed of advance—where successive five year plans, initiated by townsmen, have had to be operated in detail, in distant country villages, by men and women without a glimmering of administrative experience? How did a racketeering group like the Beria gang succeed in battening on to a Socialist state? How long will it take before the Socialist economic basis is reflected in Socialist ethics and in a flowering of its appropriate literature and art? How is it that while the cinema and theatre have languished since the days of Eisenstein, the sciences have leapt forward triumphantly? These and a thousand other issues are of first importance to Marxism, since the history of the first effort to build Socialism must be seen in all its realism, both the positive side and the negative side.

It is easy to see why the Soviet Union, during the long and dangerous years, should maintain a show of unity and strength until today when it is at last invulnerable to external attack or internal insurrection. It is easy to understand the dilemma in which the leadership of the British Communist Party was placed, when, if they knew the facts, their public admission might have weakened Soviet defence. But during the past seven years such considerations have had no weight. To persist in hiding such important historical data was, therefore, a betrayal of Marxism. To padlock their mouths since the Krushchev revelations at the 20th Congress was clear evidence that they had no faith in their own method of analysis, in the loyalty and Marxist understanding of their members, or in the working class for whom they always say they speak. A whole section of vitally important history became taboo; and once a field of thought and experience is taboo, thinking is vitiated. The leadership of the Communist Party has therefore distorted the Marxist thinking of its members. That is why there has been complete confusion over the Hungarian tragedy. That is why 7,000 members, longing in vain for both political *and* moral leadership, have severed their connection with a party to whom they have in the past given the most intense and loyal adherence. For it can be asserted without the slightest fear of contradiction that no other political party can command the self-sacrifice and devotion from its members that the Communist Party can do.

But these taboos have had their effect not only on the rank-and-file; they have left their mark on the thinking of the leadership itself. To lose 7,000 members out of 34,000 in one year is a major catastrophe; to announce this at the 25th Congress without any kind of Marxist analysis of why this has occurred is tacitly to admit not only that the fact arouses no problem in the minds of these people, but that the inexplicable is to be expected. Instead they turn their scorn on the "revisionists" (those who hold that the time is ripe for a restatement of the principles of Marxism) as if to imply that they are responsible for the loss in party membership, as if they were pressing for liquidation. But surely it is obvious that both the disastrous loss in membership and the tendency to "revisionism" spring from the same source—the failure to face up to a key issue that was itself central to Marxist thought. Only a dogma can have no revisionists.

Of course, since the Krushchev revelations at the 20th Congress, it has been impossible to avoid mentioning the subject, and the words "crimes and distortions" have become a commonplace. These and the "cult of the individual" along with "one-half of Stalin's peculiar character" are presented as the casual agents responsible for a social phenomenon that extended over more than a decade. This is "revisionism" with a vengeance. If these are, indeed, units of Marxist explanation, basic factors in terms of which history has to be explained, it is something almost new in the history of Marxist thought. Is it then suggested that these factors become of special significance in a society with a *socialistic* basis? If this is so then it is an historical discovery of first importance for the future and requires very full elaboration and detailed justification. But this it has never received. The phrase, "the cult of the individual," which is a description of a mere state of public adoration akin to that held by some people about royalty, is a superficial slogan that passes for analysis. It is a phrase to hide a certain shallowness of thought, an evasion of the real issues.

To the honest-to-God party member all this is terribly disheartening and disillusioning. During the past year I have had innumerable

letters, from members of 20 years' standing and more, that would have wrung tears from a heart of stone—members who have turned grey with worry at what they regard as mental and moral degeneration. In spite of their many years of hard work and self-sacrifice, the fact that they have handed in their cards in desperation is evidence to John Gollan, the Secretary, not that they are people of fine and sensitive moral fibre, but—crudely—that they have given up their loyalty to the working class, the class which embodies the historic objective truth. That the working class has so far consistently repudiated the Communist Party apparently does not raise any doubt whether this party actually expresses this truth.

Now it would be quite false to cast doubts on the genuineness of people like Gollan, Dutt and Pollitt. They are all highly able men who have sacrificed themselves for a cause in which they believe, and they are prepared, if necessary, to be victimised on its behalf. That is not in question. The point rather is that they regard themselves as the Chosen People, the People of the Book, the personal custodians of a trust that is part of a great international movement. While the rank-and-file may argue every aspect of democracy and democratic centralism, they themselves have a loyalty much deeper than to their members, or to the working class *at any given moment in history*. They are timeless, and so they and their bodyguard must always be re-elected. Democracy-cum-loyalty can always be made to work that way.

That is why they *know* it is fit and proper that certain subjects must remain taboo until the appropriate time for lifting the curtain. That is why those who, in the past, have looked behind the scenes and been appalled, have been advised kindly to take a rest and to forget. Hence it follows that theory, for the time being, must remain dogma, and that the call for "revisionism" is seen as treachery to the cause. That is why, even if the party membership were to be reduced to nought, they would still remain "The Party." Its soul would go marching on.

Finally in contributing this article I have committed the cardinal sin—I have dared to criticise in the bourgeois press. But that again is a meaningless dogma, and dogma is the very antithesis of the spirit of Marxism. Political principles must surely be capable of standing up to public examination anywhere. I strongly disagree with the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S attitude to many of these questions, but that is no reason at all why I should not avail myself of the courtesy of their columns.

HYMAN LEVY

The Late James Bond

IT was, dear reader, when all is said, a very strange case indeed. This ex-R.N. Cmdr. with a drinking head "like a rock" (*Moonraker*, p. 38), this Secret Service bridge-fiend, with his gun-metal cigarette case, his supercharged Bentley, his Beretta tucked into his left armpit, his "comma of black hair falling one inch above the right eyebow," this lapper-up of Dom Perignon '46 with the odd unaccountable taste for Dr. Masoch (*v. Casino Royale*, pp. 99-107 ["Say goodbye to it, Bond"], *Live and Let Die*, pp. 223-235), this strangely immature thug-connoisseur of love and Bearnaise sauce, had, at the moment of death, at least one million and a quarter followers in this kingdom alone, leaving aside the book-spongers, book-stealers, library-goers and fans in the United States of America. (Query: is the man who broke the bank of literary Harlem after Messrs. Vachel Lindsay, Booker T. Washington, Marc Connelly and Father Tom Driberg had failed to do so, much read in the district?) Drinking, lechering, nibbling, appraising, with his eyes never narrowed (Commander Fleming is an artist) but merely "turned inwards, remembering" (*Mnkr.* p. 42) he threaded his way across five continents, smacking down SMERSH, crabbing the Communist diamond racket, bitching Mr. Big. As his F.B.I. colleagues would say, Bond was one helluva guy, and speaking as one of his 1,250,000 addicts, I found his adventures irresistible. I am sorry to have seen him killed off.

For, let's face it, that's what Commander Fleming has done with him.* Born in the grim '20s—but not *in* them, Bond is nature's Harrovian—he died six months after Suez: *sed miles, sed pro patria*, he heeled over in the Paris Ritz ("The tall body crashed heavily to the wine-red floor"), after vanquishing SMERSH's biggest-ever attempt to louse up the British Secret Service. (You had at least to try to write like *Time* magazine to keep up with the ex-Cmdr.) None of us knew him well, though Cmdr. Fleming made us all feel that we knew him intimately. The storms we had with our girl-friends about his height, his shape, his propinquity—or lack of it—to our humdrum selves. ("Oh no, darling, Ian's *far* more like Jimmy B. than . . ."—and another male ego bit the dust!) All the best research work on Bond was done by the other sex. I will never forget the TV production beauty who pointed out to me that Solitaire's *Vent Vert* perfume (see *Live and Let Die*) was in fact made by Balmain and not Dior: a bad lifemanship slip-up this, for both gallant Commanders.

It was good of Mr. Fleming, in this last saga, to have cleared up the much-debated point about Bond's height, *e.g.*, p. 125: "Bond was six foot tall, but this man was two inches taller." (I always maintained the man was no stunted Celt.) Mr. Fleming has remembered other things about the late J. B. also. Bond had a powerful father-complex (p. 108, but we always knew this anyway, *v. Mnkr.*, Chapter One), and a good but old-fashioned taste in thriller fiction. ("He reached for the slim expensive-looking dispatch case on the floor beside him and took out *The Mask of Dimitrios*, by Eric Ambler"); though he had a scant classical education (p. 119)—nature's Harrovian again!—he was a friend to intellectuals, on his own terms, of course.

Now he has gone to his long home, that Valhalla of Secret Service heroes where the great dead—Ned Leithen, *obiit* at Sick Heart River, Dick Hannay (that third stroke at Fosse, that Buchan never recorded) and Bulldog D. (heart attack at Hurlingham?)—yarn eternally together while the great *schweinerei*—Von Stumm, Medina, Carl Petersen, Mr. Big and the rest—groan in hell-depths below. Perhaps Bond is in his own private Valhalla, that extraordinary club called Blades (*Mnkr.* Chapter Two)—a kind of White's-plus-Boodle's with a brothel attached. Perhaps Mr. Fleming, like Superintendent Hannam, will attempt a resurrection. This, in my opinion, would be a mistake. Let him remember the attempt made by that great criminologist, the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Sherlock Holmes, a spiteful critic remarked, may have recovered from that fall over the Upper Reichenbach with Professor Moriarty, but he was never the same man afterwards.

JOHN RAYMOND

* *From Russia, With Love.* By IAN FLEMING. *Cape.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Atlantic Mail

IN 1894 the *Lucania*, steaming at 21.75 knots, did the Atlantic crossing, Queenstown to Sandy Hook, in 5 days 12 hours 57 minutes. With her sister ship *Campania*, the Inman Line's second *City of Paris*, and other vessels, British mail reached New York usually in seven to eight days. In 1957, the *United States*, *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*, steaming 12-14 knots faster than the Victorian record-breakers, have succeeded in lengthening the door-to-door passage of the average piece of surface mail by three to five days.

In 1894, the Post Office used every device it could to obtain the last possible hour of advantage from the high speed of the Atlantic flyers of that day. The record-breaking steamers then sailed from Liverpool, but the Post Office shortened the passage by putting the American bags on the Irish Mail to be picked up at Queenstown. Late posting boxes on the boat train platform, sorting at sea, and, finally, the removal of the mail in New York Harbour by U.S. Mail tender for delivery, usually the same day, all combined to ensure the smallest delay. But such is folk-memory or perhaps forgetfulness that a jet-age Post Office spokesman informed me that neither he nor three colleagues with him had even heard of such things.

Another highly effective technique for cutting a few knots off the speed of the present tranatlantic mailships is the application of what the Post Office calls the "lapse of time." This is the interval between the posting of a piece of mail and the sailing of the steamer. In 1914, it was possible to post at the G.P.O. in London up to midnight for the *Mauretania*, sailing from Liverpool 12 hours later; and this interval seems to have been typical. Even in 1939 mail for the *Aquitania* could be posted up to 2 a.m. to catch the steamer sailing the same day from Southampton; and, for the *Normandie*, also sailing later that day, the latest time for posting was 11.30 a.m.

In 1957, the Post Office will admit, if prodded hard enough, that the "lapse of time" is a *minimum* of two, and a maximum of *seven days*, "depending on the incidence of sailing." Towards the end of the year, be it noted, the Post Office will not guarantee delivery of a letter in New York for Christmas, if it is posted later than November 30, and usually several days before that—a door-to-door passage of at least three days longer than that provided by the *Sirius* in 1838.

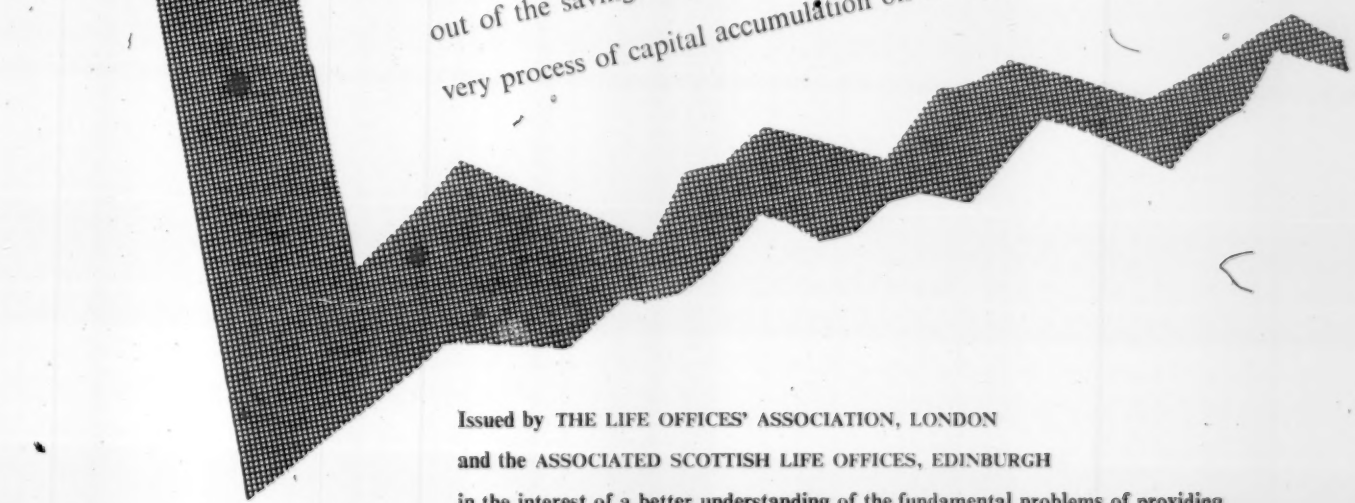
However, admitting all this to be true, and even of some interest to antiquarians concerned with transatlantic communication, it may still be asked, what does it matter? Surely, the majority of people who write to America use the airmail? The answer is that they do not. According to the latest figures obtained from the Post Office, twice as many letters are sent by sea as by air, and something like 14 times as many parcels. The Post Office admits that these figures are not of very recent date, but it is still an undoubted fact that many millions on either side of the ocean depend on the surface mail. The great difference in postage costs makes that certain, and unless and until airmail rates are drastically reduced the efficiency of the surface mail must continue to be a matter of importance.

It would seem, therefore, to be in the general

The following extract is from the Report of the Committee on the Economic and Financial Problems of the Provision for Old Age, 1954. Cmd. 9333. ("The Phillips Report"), Page 34.

Pensions and Capital Accumulation

128. It is evident that pensions are intimately linked with the whole process of capital accumulation and that the scale of pensions that can be contemplated depends, on the one hand on the enhancement of the country's productive power that would result from the building of additional capital assets, and on the other on the ease with which additional savings can be spared for this purpose. If the National Insurance Scheme were conducted on the same principles as a private scheme, then the investment of the contributions would enable valuable assets to be constructed that would eventually furnish the means out of which pensions could be paid. But the Scheme is heading for a deficit that will have to be met out of general taxation, and, to some degree, out of the savings of the taxpayer, so that it will actively impede the very process of capital accumulation on which, implicitly, it rests.



Issued by THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION, LONDON
and the ASSOCIATED SCOTTISH LIFE OFFICES, EDINBURGH
in the interest of a better understanding of the fundamental problems of providing a higher level of retirement pensions without harm to the Nation's economy.

interest to publish sailing dates and latest times for posting, so that the best use could be made of the fastest liners ever built. Sixty-odd years ago, as well as in 1914 and 1939, the other significant years I have investigated, the Post Office issued complete information about these matters every few days. Newspapers of any standing published at least some of the details, and in many cases the better part of a column was devoted to this useful information. In 1957, an inconspicuous inch or two in a few newspapers under some such heading as "Liner Movements" (from Lloyd's, not the Post Office) may convey a pleasant memory of the sea to an old salt or an ex-passenger, but is of no apparent practical value to a potential letter-poster.

"Sailings," said the Post Office in reply to my inquiry, "are so irregular and liable to change at the last minute, so it is impossible to publish any firm dates for the postal link-up."

Having recovered from my astonishment, I remarked that tourist agencies publish sailing lists six months in advance.

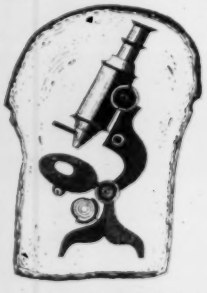
"I know," the Post Office courteously agreed, "it does sound a bit odd, doesn't it?"

According to the latest available issue (1955-56) of the *Postal Service Accounts*, the item "Conveyance of Mail by Contractors" amounts to £11,766,029, of which £3,105,756 is spent on mails sent by sea. How much of this sum is allocated to the transatlantic service the Post Office refuses to say. No doubt the information can be obtained elsewhere; but it is perhaps significant that in this, as in so much else that pertains to the transatlantic surface mail, the Post Office these days prefers to maintain a modest silence. As a veteran victim of the United States Post Office, I am well aware that that unhappy institution has little to offer except in cautionary terms to its generally and immensely superior British counterpart. In this matter of publishing information about the transatlantic mails, however, it does happen to be more communicative than the British Post Office.

The Postmaster-General has said more than once since assuming office that he is determined to improve the Post Office services. All in all, the transatlantic mail would seem to offer abundant, and innocuous, scope for his reformative zeal.

LESLIE READE

SCIENCE AND THE SLICE



MOST PEOPLE think bread is just bread — but Science is far from being fobbed off with simple explanations of this kind. Scientists have been doing a big thick slice of research. They have emerged from their back-rooms with these findings. Bread is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of the energy we, and our rampaging children, use up in a day.[1] And bread provides body-building proteins, and essential vitamins and minerals[2] into the bargain.

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1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O.*
2. *All flour must contain — per 100 grams of flour:* Iron *— not less than 1.65 milligrams.* Vitamin B_1 *— not less than 0.24 milligrams.* Nicotinic acid *— not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritive Value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O.*

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Fleet Street Notebook

ERAS have, as we all know, a habit of beginning, or ending, pretty frequently in and around Fleet Street. But there is a sense, I think, in which an era may properly be said to be nearing its end with the news that a new editor—acting rank only for the time being—has been appointed to the *Daily Express*. This follows the serious illness of Arthur Christiansen who, whether one likes the *Express* or not, must be accounted one of the most potent influences in British journalism for close on a quarter of a century. After a long recuperation with Lord Beaverbrook in the Bahamas, "Chris" is now back in London. He will still be concerned with the *Express*. But the daily and nightly supervision of every detail of the paper, which was his former habit and which gave the paper its particular sparkle, is apparently ended. It seems an appropriate moment to take a long hard look at the daily paper into whose editorial chair he bounced in 1933 at the age of 29 and which under him has more than doubled its circulation. Now, with daily sales of well over 4,000,000, it has far and away the biggest circulation of any non-tabloid newspaper on earth. By any judgment the success of the *Daily Express* is one of the significant social and political phenomena of our time. Just what has made it so successful?

Three men above all others have made the modern *Daily Express*. Lord Beaverbrook, of course. He is the chief, the indubitable prime architect of the whole enterprise. Without him there would have been no *Daily Express* at all. But two others qualify as his chief lieutenants and main instruments: A. J. Robertson, the former chairman and managing director of the company, and Arthur Christiansen. Now Robertson is retired—a sick man recuperating in the sun. Christiansen, also a sick man, will be less active than he was. And in a few weeks Beaverbrook will be 78. It is true that his energy, although more intermittent than it was, still plays about the *Express* like lightning from whatever part of the world he may be in. But at 78 he must before long begin to think of allowing others their head. The old order is changing: the *Express* will soon be a second-generation paper. Whether it will be able to hold its place in popular demand with the change, is anyone's guess.

What has given it its success—and its staying power? It has been wrong politically on almost every big issue of our time; but, so far as anyone can judge, no political folly or misjudgment has ever had the slightest effect of any kind on its popularity. Not only has it always been able to hold the devotion—or at any rate the excited interest—of its readers, but it is the only one of the popular "text" papers which has been able to attract in any large way the new reading public which has come into existence during and since the war. More than 90 per cent. of this entirely new daily paper reading public of close on six millions has gone to either the *Express* or the *Mirror*; and the *Express's* share has not been very much below that of the *Mirror*, with all the advantage in mass appeal given to that paper by the new tabloid technique. Moreover, the *Express* has won this new public while ignoring almost entirely what has come to be regarded as the one sure-fire draw for a mass public—cheesecake. It has other sins—some of them to my mind less venial—but at any rate it has demonstrated that a newspaper can sell to over 4,000,000 people a day without bothering all that much about vital statistics.

A large part of the day-to-day credit for this achievement must go to Christiansen. He built in the first place on the skilful exploitation of a quite different sort of eye appeal—that of typography. He is probably the first editor in history to celebrate his appointment by immediately signing on for a course in typography at a famous printing school. His influence on the actual appearance of popular newspaper over the past quarter century or so has been profound. He was the first to break in any original way with the old up-and-down method of news display and treat newspaper pages not so much as eight vertical columns to be filled, but as a canvas for a virtuoso exhibition of typographical pyrotechnics —the actual look of the *Express*, although it has lately become somewhat more traditional than it once was, is still one of its greatest attractions.

But of course one does not sell a paper by typographical brightness alone—even though it helps. What else has gone into the Christiansen formula? First of all a belief in the importance of personalising the news. "Always, always tell the news through people," he incites his staff in a little booklet, which is handed to every one of them. And again: "There is no subject, no abstract thing, that cannot be translated into terms of people." It is a method which has sometimes had odd—and sometimes alarming—results. But it has paid off in a big way. Second, to quote another of the Christiansen maxims, "You cannot just put things into the *Daily Express*. By and large they must be projected." The projection of news was not, of course, an exclusive Christiansen discovery—it had existed since journalism began. But under him the *Express* may be said to have developed it to a level of art hitherto untouched. And thirdly, brightness at almost any cost. To quote him again, "Our feature pages should be sprinkled with star dust or whatever it is that women wear that catches the light at first nights." The *Express* owes its journalistic success—as distinct from its political failures—to making the ordinary world seem extraordinary, a place where anything can happen. It is an embodied wish fulfilment.

I do not know whether Christiansen has any strong political views—or for that matter any strong social conscience. I have a feeling that, although he is personally a most kind and charming person, too much of either would hardly have fitted into the *Express* pattern. In any event those are in Lord Beaverbrook's department. But whether he willed it or not, it is difficult not to feel—and frequently to fear—that the *Express* as he has made it day by day over the years has been a pretty potent social force. For good or ill it has probably influenced more attitudes of mind than many of its more serious competitors. Christiansen will certainly deserve a chapter in any future history of the British press. I am not sure that he will not also rate more than a footnote or two in any social history.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Two Modern Museums

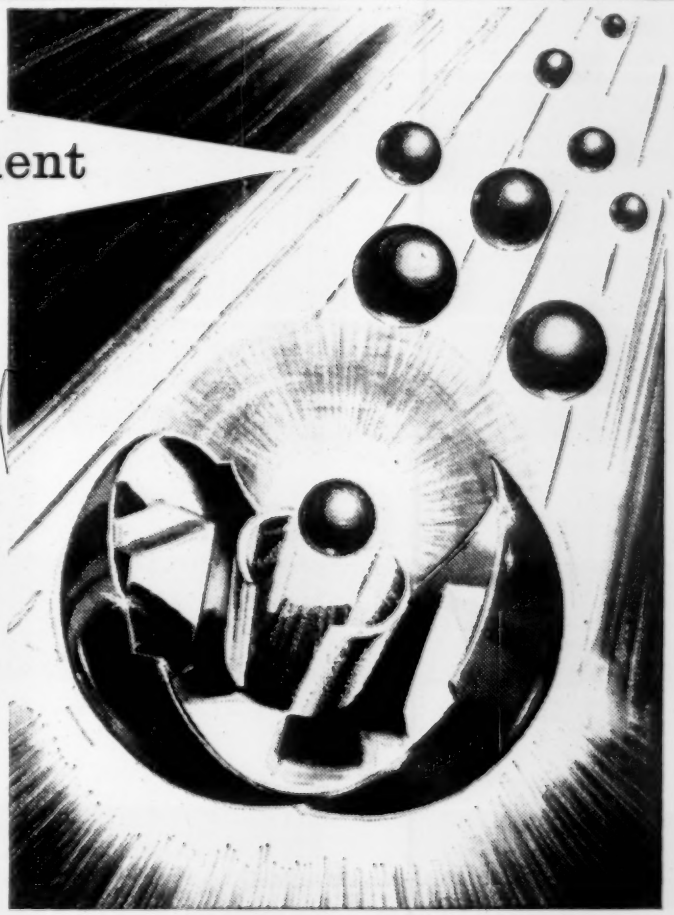
THE Anglo-French manifestations of the last fortnight have brought to London three important exhibitions. The *Musée d'Art Moderne* and the *Musée Ingres* at Montauban have both been extraordinarily generous in allowing a large number of their works of art to leave France, and by the time that this article appears an exhibition of recent ceramics by Picasso will have opened in the Arts Council Gallery in St. James's Square. The Ingres Museum have lent the Arts Council Gallery a unique selection of drawings of great beauty which give a completely new insight into the artist's method of work. The directors of the *Musée d'Art Moderne* have been particularly open-handed and no fewer than one hundred and sixty paintings from the Museum's collection can be seen at the R.B.A. Galleries. The Arts Council have also had the excellent idea of complementing the paintings from the *Musée d'Art Moderne* by showing at the Tate a selection of paintings from a second famous collection of modern art, the Guggenheim Museum in New York.

The choice of paintings from the *Musée d'Art Moderne* reveals both the Museum's strength and its weakness. Its strength lies in the fact that it presents a wide survey of French art, the greatest of the modern schools, from the Eighteen Nineties onwards. Its weakness is that, although it contains much good painting, there are few really great masterpieces. The only painting of the first importance both historically and in itself at the R.B.A. Galleries is Picasso's magnificent *L'Atelier de la Modiste*, a sombre painting in black and white. The reasons for the Museum's inadequacies are easy to understand. It was not instituted until after the Liberation, and by this time the prices of important works from the early part of the century were extremely high. Like the Tate it is a state museum and is largely dependent on bequests and donations from individuals and on gifts from the painters themselves. The best pictures are thus either recent works which the Gallery has been able to acquire at more reasonable prices or works by artists of the second rank such as Marquet, Segonzac, Van Dongen and Valadon.

Nevertheless, there is much to enjoy in this exhibition. There are some good Nabi paintings and some fine examples of Neo-Impressionism, including a delightful seascape by Cross which conveys exactly the quality of atmospheric light which he failed to achieve in his more scientific and systematic works. There is, too, a fascinating early painting by Matisse which the Museum has recently acquired, which shows Marquet painting a nude in Manguin's studio, and which has a companion piece by Marquet of Matisse painting the same model. But the room in which these paintings are hung reveals one of the Museum's weakest points. There is almost no good Fauve painting, and from the selection shown one would be led to suppose that Vlaminck and Van Dongen were more important than Matisse and Derain, who in fact held the movement together. A few individual artists fare very well. The Museum owns some of Vlaminck's best work and there are four or five very good Utrillos. The wall devoted to Léger is impressive, and there is a lively room of French primitives. Finally some thirty of the younger generation of painters are represented by a single canvas each. In this section the level of technical accomplishment is high, and each of the pictures is one of the artist's best, but the total effect, on me at least, is one of drabness and exhaustion.

The Guggenheim Collection clearly does not suffer from the financial restrictions under which the *Musée d'Art Moderne* and so many other European museums obviously labour. The result is that they are able to present a dazzling display of large canvases, all of which are the best of their kind and many of which are masterpieces. At the cost of omitting much that is important in modern painting—there is no Matisse, no Rouault, no Surrealism and no Neo-realism—the Guggenheim collection displays the existence of a consistent tradition in twentieth-century painting, or rather of two traditions, for the exhibition succeeds in giving us the impression that both the Cubism of Picasso and Braque and the Expressionism of Marc and Kandinsky have contributed directly to the work of the painters of the 1950s whose work fills the furthest room. Whether by intention or not, the exhibition illustrates many of the sources and developments of abstract art. Two large paintings by Léger show how he passed from an interest in interpreting a natural scene in terms of simple, contrasting forms to an interest in the forms for their own sake. Both paintings are equally vital, for in the second painting the tubular geometric forms assume a life and existence of their own quite independent of the natural objects on which they were originally based. Mondrian, too, takes the superficial patterns of Cubism and, perhaps more consciously and intellectually, turns them into an abstract idiom, which, as opposed to Léger, he never abandoned. The fine selection of paintings by Delaunay, an artist whose importance has never been sufficiently appreciated owing to the fact that he failed to justify the promise of his early work, shows how he first abandoned traditional perspective and then discarded completely all reference to external reality when he became fascinated by the relationships between planes of bright colour revolving in space. The work of Delaunay was much admired in Germany and it

Chemistry by Bombardment



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forms a link between the sober realism of early Cubism and the brightly coloured expressionistic art of Marc and Kandinsky.

On the whole the wild, metaphysical speculations of Kandinsky and the romantic visions of Chagall are closer to the work of the younger painters than the mathematical compositions by Mondrian and Moholy-Nagy. Indeed, at first glance the freer, more spontaneous paintings by Kandinsky, such as *Black Lines*, No. 189, seem surprisingly close to the abstraction by Hartung and the action painting of Okada, and it is only on closer study that it becomes apparent how the slight differences in technique reflect a wide difference in aesthetic intention. What is so illuminating about the exhibition is that it shows that it is not absurd to talk about Hartung in the same breath as Kandinsky or to compare Hantai with Klee, even though Klee is obviously a far greater artist. As opposed to the contemporary section from the *Musée d'Art Moderne*, which gives one the impression of a series of dead-ends leading off from a central tradition of great painting that has run dry, the Guggenheim Museum succeeds in convincing us that abstract painting is still alive and exciting. At least two of the paintings in the more recent section of the exhibition, those by Kline and Pollock, can satisfactorily hold their own with most of the great paintings against which they are set. The principles of action painting imply a purely subjective and personal communion between the painter and his canvas, but the work of these two painters, like all the best products of this school, has the power to force the spectator to participate in the process of creation or at least to shock him into a new visual and emotional awareness.

JOHN GOLDING

Backroom Boys

Variety, the organ of American show-business, prints the *cri-de-coeur* of a desperate song-writer, half-submerged by the flood of traditional or quasi-folkmusic which has lately boosted the sales of guitars in British music-shops to fantastic heights: "A few people in the Ozarks are determining what today's song-hits shall be." This should cheer the spirit of Cecil Sharp, as it cheers mine. What is even more encouraging is the striking public success of Count Basie's band—a most unhillbilly outfit—which has combined full houses and unanimous unqualified enthusiasm from musicians and critics. Both the taste for a sort of blues and the success of Basie are a tribute to the most remarkable backroom boy in the history of jazz, John Hammond Jr.

The man who discovers or re-discovers talent, who brings it to the notice of the entertainment business, who brings musicians together and suggests that they try out new combinations of sounds and players, is the forgotten man of jazz. Yet, players being what they are, he is quite essential. Generally he is an intellectual jazz-lover. Nowadays the vogue for jazz may have turned him, once a penniless leftwinger, into an impresario himself, competing on equal terms with the cigar-chewers out of Damon Runyon with whom earlier jazz-musicians had to deal. Norman Granz, who made his name in the U.S.A. with a remarkably successful road-show of eclectically picked highbrow players called *Jazz at the Philharmonic*, has lately been offered seven figures for his major interests. But the traditional backroom boy has no commercial interest in jazz, and John Hammond has been rich enough to maintain amateur status ever since 1930, when he began to pursue his double mission of fostering good jazz (partly by getting British companies to record it when American ones would not look at it), and the emancipation of the Negroes. His achievement is phenomenal: he is the most successful talent scout in the history of jazz.

Some backroom boys have worked mainly by arranging new combinations of established, though sometimes neglected, talent. Hammond has been able to spend his time entirely in the search for the unknown. Other amateurs have succumbed to the mania for antiquarian collecting. Hammond has never troubled about musicians whose only interest is that they once figured in history. If he organised the last recordings of the unforgettable Bessie Smith in 1933 it was because, drunk and declining as she was, she remained the queen of the southern blues. He has had his prejudices and weaknesses. His relations with Armstrong have been distant, perhaps because of his distaste for musicians who are insufficiently militant for Negro rights; with Duke Ellington non-committal, perhaps because Ellington (rightly) thinks he can make up his mind as well as the best outsider. But within his broad limits, he has no equal.

In consequence the list of his discoveries or protégés reads like the honour-roll of the Thirties: Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lionel Hampton, countless blues singers and pianists. Basie (Hammond's special discovery) and Hampton still dominate the world of the large swing orchestra. If "modern" jazz has specific ancestors, they are three Hammond men—Basie's tenor-player Lester Young, the trumpeter Roy Eldridge and Charlie Christian who revolutionised the guitar before his early death. Even today the sleeve of the first LP by a brilliant modern pianist, young Phineas Newborn, of Memphis (*Here is Phineas*, London LTZ15057), contains the phrase which runs like a refrain through the jazz history of the last 25 years: "Men I respected, such as John Hammond . . . insisted that I must hear this guy." They heard. They took over, while John Hammond continued to talk to musicians, to read the reports of music in out-of-the-way places in the Negro newspapers, to listen to local stations on his car radio and to discover new talent.

There has been less scope for backroom boys in Europe, chiefly because there has been less talent. There is no getting away from the fact that jazz is not our native musical idiom, so that the search for first-class European jazz is a little like the search for foreigners who can write first-class French verse. It can be done, but it is rare. Spike Hughes, the most enterprising of our earlier backroom boys, only achieved permanent success when he recorded his own composition with a superb selection of coloured men in New York. The record has just been released and can be strongly recommended (Decca LK 4173). Hughes has since left jazz, though *The Times* record reviews read as though he had not quite abandoned interest in it. The most important of our present backroom boys, Denis Preston, has been able to discover little in the way of jazz talent, except in some of his earlier and neglected West Indian recordings. But he has succeeded in bringing together good musicians of all "schools" in some interesting essays which re-create a flexible version of the Thirties' style: *Midnight at Nixa* and *Mainstream at Nixa*. One can't help regretting that his adventurousness and unique gifts as a recording supervisor have, so far, come up against the limitations of British jazz.

Meanwhile George Lewis, a New Orleans clarinettist who is a folk hero to the traditionally minded young, is visiting this country, and *London-Ducretet-Thomson* have issued what is easily the most interesting LP of the past year, two tape-recordings of Negro religious services (*Harlem Congregation*, TKL 93119). The no-man's land between speech and song has rarely been better illuminated. It is a record which simply must be heard.

FRANCIS NEWTON

A Great Cellist

EVEN when you make allowance for a mild Easter afternoon it doesn't say much for the percipience of London's music-lovers that they only half filled the Festival Hall last Sunday. Mstislav Rostropovich is still a fairly unfamiliar name, of course. He has paid only one previous visit to England, I believe, and there are not many gramophone records of him available. But let there be no mistake about it: this cellist, who is still only thirty, is in the top flight of Russia's musical aristocracy, together with David Oistrakh, Leonid Kogan and Emil Gilels—and on the evidence of his recital last Sunday and his concert on the previous Thursday I would have no hesitation in ranking him among the half-dozen greatest cellists alive today. The most immediately striking thing about him in the intensity of concentration that enables him to stride on to the platform and plunge straight into a magnificent performance of Brahms's F major cello sonata—passionate, but always controlled, never sentimental. He had shown the same characteristics three days before in Tchaikovsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme, when his eloquence in the penultimate variation made the audience hold its breath. On the other hand the last of Bach's suites for unaccompanied cello showed up pretty clearly his most serious limitation; he finds it difficult to play *without* the high degree of emotional intensity that made the Brahms and Tchaikovsky so thrilling. The Bach suites are not exercises in self-expression: and they call for only the most restrained "interpretation" from cellists who tackle them.

In both programmes he did his duty by modern Russian music. On Sunday he played Shostakovich's cello sonata, Op. 40, a work which teeters uneasily between triviality and sheer dullness. Not even this eloquent performance could conceal the embarrassing spectacle of a good composer "talking down." But at his concert with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Sir Malcolm Sargent he did us a greater service by introducing to us Prokofiev's Sinfonia Concertante for cello and orchestra. This work has caused some confusion in critical circles, since in spite of its late opus number (125) it is not en-

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tirely new, being a reworking of the rarely heard Cello Concerto in E minor, Op. 58, which Prokofiev wrote in the mid Thirties. The concerto apparently fell foul of the Zhdanov purge, but it looks as if Rostropovich's exceptional gifts must have inspired Prokofiev shortly before his death to salvage it. (The Sinfonia Concertante is dedicated to Rostropovich although he was only twenty-six when Prokofiev died.)

It must be admitted that the version we heard the other night seemed a bit of a rag-bag, even though some of the rags were delightful. It is unusually long (particularly the middle movement), and the fact that the soloist is kept at virtuoso pitch for practically the whole time is not enough to bind together the very diverse musical materials. Further hearings might make the work's shape seem more convincing, but it looks as if Prokofiev was concentrating too much on providing a vehicle for this great 'cellist's fabulous technique.

Last Saturday Covent Garden revived their production of *Madam Butterfly* with Victoria de los Angeles in the title-role and Rudolf Kempe conducting. It seemed at first as if this combination would make for a rather cool, considered evening's entertainment (not really what we want from Puccini), but in fact Kempe's subtle, almost finicky handling of the score had the effect of throwing attention on to the stage action—and fortunately this was a Butterfly with real dramatic validity. Miss de los Angeles not only has a ravishingly beautiful voice but evidently realises that in veristic opera acting must be as detailed as it would be on the non-musical stage. Music and drama worked together towards a climax of such heightened plausibility that only the least sophisticated could resent the lumps that must surely have been in their throats.

JEREMY NOBLE

No Music Needed

THE taut TV play from America that makes a better film has become not a staple product, but an occasional irritant joy. Beside it most films look sprawling and lackadaisical; dialogue, character-building are immensely superior; an enlightened point of view is held to; less money is spent and more talent engendered; and the only absence seems to be that not inessential one—"what only the cinema can do."

12 Angry Men, at the Leicester Square, is a potent example. It uses the "overture" before and during titles to picture a court room, a scared youth in the dock, the jury retiring; at the end the jury emerge to go their ways down the court steps; the whole body of the film is confined to the locked jurors' room and its attendant lavatory. As film, this is constriction with a vengeance. But the special treatment pays. We go in with the jurors, stay there, become a 13th man not missing a word and with the advantages bestowed by a camera that follows everywhere and closes in. We get to know the jurors very well indeed—and not by means of the usual life-stories in asides. They sweat (since there's a heat wave) and take off coats and ties; they prowl and gasp at windows; they doodle on sheets of paper, sheer off about baseball and jobs, start with one set of convictions and end in reverse. The case of a slum youth charged with murdering his father seems cast-iron to all but one juror (Henry Fonda); he just doesn't know and wants it discussed.

This starts the two or three "angry men" who have no doubts and want to get it over. They hear all the emphasis, all the facts, and the odd man out has to feel his way to points. But then bits of evidence—overlooked by a weakness in the defence—begin to work loose; corresponding weaknesses are found in the jurors themselves, prejudices unearthed, strong lines shaken; the voting, from 11-1, comes down to 8-4, and then 6-6. "Even Stevens," says the baseball fan, helplessly, kept back from his game, and not understanding it at all. And now the tussle is the other way, the vanguard retreat of summary common sense against finicking but unsettling detail. One bit of evidence after another proves less solid than it seemed, and the no-doubters have to justify themselves in retreat. So two dramas are enacted, that of the jury room before our eyes, and that—in driblets of evidence—of the murder in a slum room by a railway. The tension is raised by the most artful dropping of clues, by an exhibit called in and unexpectedly matched, by first-rate acting to match characters revealed by their behaviour round a table and the attitudes they are impelled to take. The victory of reasonableness over anger becomes inevitable, and the final ditches of unreason are perhaps a shade melodramatic, but not so much as to upset an atmosphere triumphant to the last moment when, dispersing on the court steps, two men shake hands and ask each other's names—but not addresses—before separating in an evening from which the storm seems to be clearing. It is impossible to mention all those who have contributed to the total effect. Fonda both produces and acts with lurking authority the chief part; script by Reginald Rose, direction by Sidney Lumet, and photography by Boris Kaufman are unerringly tuned to one; and the performances of the twelve defy separation, though I'll risk picking out Joseph Sweeney's old man and E. G. Marshall's stockbroker with the Crippsian spectacles and incorruptibility. This is a film coming down hard on the right side—for reason, and against prejudice—which fascinates in every detail, from the bits of evidence gradually let out to sweat-drops on the ceiling of the water-container.

Another good Hollywood film—yes, the second in a week—might have been even better if it had started from some similar discipline. If *Designing Woman* (Empire) isn't quite up to the best of the pre-war comedies, that is because the wide screen has set the seal on a languor and diffuseness unhelpful to wit. But I must immediately add that, after a slow beginning, this is quite the sharpest comedy we have had from America for a very long time. Some of it is very funny indeed, especially the incarceration of a sports writer (Gregory Peck) with a punch-drunk body-guard (Mickey Shaughnessy), who looks like an amiable King Kong and sleeps with his eyes open. The theme that with marriage two unmixable worlds may meet is managed with varying amusement.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Easter in Purgatory

HOLIDAY times are notoriously thin for those few viewers and listeners who are not enthralled by hour after hour of motor-racing and variety shows; and these either braced themselves for a trying week-end, or resorted to the Third (which, while not ignoring the season, provided only such special, and fascinating, curiosities as a medieval Cornish Passion play, a recording of the Coptic observance of the *Triduum* made at a monastery in the Eastern Desert, and plaintive liturgical music from the Byzantine Abbey at Grotta-ferrata). Or they could simply switch off.

Even the choosiest, however, should not have switched off altogether on Good Friday, when there were no fewer than three television programmes of high quality—more than can be said of most days in the year. On the commercial channel, Associated Rediffusion presented another experiment in the same genre as their successful Christmas exploration of paintings of the Nativity. In this case, the pictures were from painted or carved altar-pieces in village churches in upper Austria, illustrating the events of Holy Week—pictures as rich in detail and as touching as a Douanier or a Bauchant, much more "folk" in character than the Nativity old masters. Again they seemed to come to life as the cameras travelled slowly across them, hovering over this or that detail to match the words of the narrative; a Russian choir sang meanwhile, unseen.

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The TV camera is an extra eye, a universal magnifying-glass: no tourist visiting an Austrian village church can have seen these tiny figures so clearly as we saw them on our screens.

But the BBC provided the two most ambitious of the Good Friday programmes—the documentary *In Prison* and a telerecorded repeat of Menotti's *Saint of Bleecker Street*. I reviewed this when it was first done last October: I had meant merely to watch part of it again, but found it impossible not to see it all through. Its sheer force and the brilliance of the casting and production are even more impressive on second viewing: apart from Virginia Copeland's superb performance as the east-side stigmatist, how on earth did the BBC dig up, in London, so many good actors for the other parts and the crowd?

Much has already been written about the prison programme, and credit must go to everybody—including the Prison Commissioners—who made its presentation possible. The grim symmetry of Strangeways Gaol proved extremely photogenic: shots of sinister corridors and halls were handled almost in the manner of an early Ufa film, *Warning Shadows* or *Caligari*, with snatches of hysteria-music and an apt, if sentimental song by Ewan MacColl. This "expressionism" was in effective contrast to the total realism of the recorded interviews with prisoners, resentful or self-pitying or occasionally, no doubt for tactical reasons, greasily sycophantic. (One revealing phrase: "I'm not against society—society's against me.") If too rosy an impression was given now and then ("from the moment he enters . . . *all* do their best to help him plan his future") it was usually corrected by a later illustration ("who the devil stitches mailbags when he gets out?"). There were some minor inaccuracies, and I doubt if all prison officers are yet such dedicated idealists as one who was interviewed with some emphasis; but the programme did give those still at large an authentic sniff of the rottenness of prison life, and may help to prepare the public mind for the long-term economy of short-term expenditure on rebuilding and reform.

This seemed to me an essentially religious programme; of "religion," in the conventional sense, there was, as usual, plenty—though both the BBC and ITV, surprisingly, missed the most spectacular service of the Christian year, the Easter vigil ceremonies.

From Good Friday onwards, most of the programmes deteriorated to their usual holiday level, or below it. Never, surely, since last August Bank Holiday were so many fatuous questions put to holiday-makers by desperate interviewers, so many creaking jokes exhumed by overworked comedians. Even the studio audiences were hard put to it to laugh; it is unfortunate for producers that it would, presumably, be difficult technically to cut recorded laughter and applause into a live show, as is done in the making of some of the canned American comedies.

By Monday night, indeed, I was sinking into a state of acute melancholia. Then, quite unexpectedly, my spirits were revived by a BBC item which didn't look particularly promising in the *Radio Times*: a film, made in 1948 by King Vidor and Leslie Fenton, in which six celebrated Hollywood stars played improbable farce with the utmost finesse—Miss Dorothy Lamour, for instance, guying deliciously her own sarong-manship. The film was called *On Our Merry Way*. I couldn't remember having ever heard of it. Next day I made enquiries—and was told (depressingly or reassuringly?) that it had been "non-commercial" and "box-office poison"!

From the best of the past week's viewing, only two faces linger in my memory—two lean faces whose piercing yet liquid eyes are fixed in tragic contemplation, two faces that, oddly, become one: the agonised face of an archaic Christ in one of those Austrian village altar-pieces, and the agonised face of the stigmatist's anti-clerical brother in the Menotti opera. I think that there might have been a third face, identical with these, if we had been shown the faces of the men in Strangeways.

TOM DRIBERG

Cathedral Crawl

Not these days on our knees up to the holy relics in the saintly shrine; but still these splendid buildings are usually the focal point for visitors to any city or town, at home or abroad. But what to look for? And—still harder—how to keep the details of each distinct? Therefore, ***Herbert Felton's*** new **A Portrait of English Cathedrals** (30s.), an album of 128 photographs that assembles under one cover the fine points of 26 English cathedrals, is a boon to modern cathedral perambulators.

Foreign cathedrals are even harder to place and remember, and ***John Harvey,*** one of the leading authorities on medieval church architecture, has now written the first work in English on the splendid Spanish cathedrals. In **The Cathedrals of Spain** (35s.) no fewer than 50 of them are dealt with in detail and others are included. In a work of no little importance, the photographs and plans number 149.

P.S. Pilgrims with more secular tastes may like to know that next month will appear **The Châteaux of France** (35s.) by ***Ralph Dutton;*** it is a unique survey in English of all the French châteaux, with 111 illustrations.

Batsford

"The Balcony", at the Arts

M. Genet as a writer has the imaginative audacity to bring sexual fantasies further out into the open than any author since Sade. His confrères in Paris also admire the flowered prose with which he surrounds the sex. In the theatre, as it seems to me, the sex succeeds better than the prose. The scene here is a brothel—an idealised brothel, let me hasten to assure the uninitiated but hopeful young—where any and every fantasy is given its run. A gas-meter-reader plays out a bishop receiving the whore's confessions. A bank clerk struts as a judge while his pet executioner with whip and rope governs the whore-thief. In the first act M. Genet explores with the aid of the Madame's poetic commentary the frontier between illusion and reality.

Two lines of possible development are indicated. A revolution is raging in the streets outside. If it succeeds, the myths of this brothel may find themselves having to work out in public reality the roles they play in private fantasy. A second thread comes from the Chief-of-Police who feels it bitterly that no one yet has chosen his function as his private dream. They choose to act out generals, judges, sailors, plumbers, but never Chiefs-of-Police. Either thread grasped and pursued might have given M. Genet a firm basis. But his second act fumbles and falters between the two and several others. The play becomes a huge steaming muddle, and is not helped by a producer and actors who, with a few exceptions, notably Miss Selma Vaz Dias, are not quite up to its difficulties. I can't help thinking that M. Genet's vision, which is certainly extraordinary, is really a good deal less universal than he would like to try and make it. A plunge into the visionary comedy of the first act is warmly recommended. But at the interval you may well reach for your respectable hat and coat, and you would not miss much if you obeyed the prompting.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

THE CHANGING FACE OF PUBLISHING

SIR,—Your excellent publishing supplement is expertly written and, even for the uninitiated, full of interest. But Mr. Priestley's strictures on the book trade call for an immediate reply.

I do not agree that the standard of the good bookshops in England is any lower than that of bookshops abroad. The difference is that the number of good bookshops in England is proportionately very, very much smaller than in most foreign countries. There is a very simple explanation for this: the terms allowed by English publishers make the running of a good bookshop dealing solely with the new English books impossible. The very best discount allowed by the English publisher is 33 per cent., and this maximum can usually only be secured by ordering before publication, ordering two to six copies at the time, or by placing occasional larger stock orders. The Continental publisher will support the active general bookseller by discounts up to 40 per cent. and in special cases 50 per cent. In addition to this, the Continental bookseller is considerably helped by the fact that his publishers supply books, particularly new publications, freely "on sale or return." This enables them to have a live, interesting stock without risking too much capital.

The discount question will come up again at the Conference of the Booksellers' Association next May. The question has been discussed at practically every annual conference—at least during the more than 30 years that I have been connected with the book trade in England. Terms have been improved greatly in these years, but they are extremely complicated, varying for each publisher. One needs well-educated, literary-minded staff for a good bookshop, and the price one often pays is that they lack the commercial sense to find their way in this discount labyrinth to make the best use of the possibilities.

I must add, though, that the fundamental trouble is that it is assumed that the public is not prepared to pay prices for books comparable to those now customary abroad. Has it never occurred to Mr. Priestley when he returns from his trips abroad how cheap English books are—in spite of inflation? As a new director of a publishing firm, Mr. Priestley should get this first principle very firmly in his mind: no sound or efficient book trade is possible so long as books are underpriced. The novel or general book you buy in England still costs, at the most, double the pre-war price. Everything else you buy costs three or four times as much.

JAN H. BIJL
International University Booksellers, Ltd.,
39 Store St., W.C.1.

SIR,—Mr. Frere, in his interview with Mr. Walter Allen, tries to establish that:

(a) Large publishers on the whole have more uniformly distinguished lists. This, however, is not borne out by the facts. If one closely examines some of the large publishers' lists it is difficult to find any other justification for some of the books published by them than the pressure of their own printing presses to be fed. It is idle of Mr. Frere to pretend that the firm geared to publish 200-300 books a year and pressed by their own printing plant executives for more can keep up standards better than the small- or middle-sized firm able to survive on as few as 20-30 new books a year.

(b) Mr. Frere suggests that, given the same book, the big publisher can always and necessarily do better with it than the smaller firm. This statement, too, lacks firm foundation. The big publisher has to choose a very few out of his hundreds of titles to which to give "top treatment." He simply has not got the creative brains in his office in sufficient numbers, nor the advertising space, nor indeed any of the other ingredients, to promote every one of his general books equally. From the author's point of view this means that unless his book is chosen in the lucky-dip his promotion in the big list might be considerably inferior to that on a smaller list.

Elek Books, Ltd., PAUL ELEK
14 Great James Street, W.C.1.

SIR,—May I take up one point raised in Mr. Walter Allen's admirable article on "The Changing Face of Publishing"? After remarking that book publishers' total turnover is now more than four and a half times greater than it was in 1939, the article says that "even if it is assumed that the price of books has doubled since then, which is not so, this means that more than twice as many books are being sold now as before the war."

The average price of books in 1939 (I am informed) was 7s. 6d. for fiction and 10s. for non-fiction, expensive reference books being excluded. *The Bookseller* gave the average price for books, fiction and non-fiction, in the second half of 1955 as 15s. 9d. But these are average prices per title published (not per copy sold) and a book published at 42s., which had failed to sell 300 copies, would outweigh heavily in this average a paper-back at 2s. 6d. which had sold over 600,000 copies; and there were far more paper-backs sold in 1955 than in 1939. If we are thinking of sales in Britain only, the position is obscured still further. In 1955 the export trade was 36.8 per cent. of the total turnover; but some publishers believe (it cannot be proved) that 50 per cent. of the copies of books manufactured in Britain are now sold overseas, exports including a larger proportion of paper-backs, cheap reprints and school textbooks than do home sales, and larger trade discounts often being given.

No statistics of the number of copies sold and the average price per copy have been compiled. No close estimate appears possible. We can only guess hopefully that the number of books—copies of books—sold in Britain is now very much larger than it was before the war.

Hampstead, N.W.3. JOHN HAMPDEN

THE PRESS AND THE COURTS

SIR,—Polycritic says the anxious concern of the press over the question how far it should report preliminary hearings in the magistrates' court is "disingenuous enough, of course." Why "of course"? Is this not an example of using that phrase once again to mask a doubtful assertion with the appearance of general agreement? Why should the considered opinions of the National Union of Journalists and the Institute of Journalists and of *The Times* and other newspapers be swept aside so contemptuously? If some of our magistrates and lawyers come forward to say that publicity in these matters is a public advantage, will you say that of course they just want publicity for their own benefit? Neither the legal nor the journalistic profession should be denied its public spirit.

If Polycritic regards the present attitude of journalists as hypocritical, how does he explain the attitude of those editors who, like myself, supported the Judicial Proceedings (Regulation of Reports) Bill that became law in 1926? This curbed a way of reporting divorce and other cases that no doubt had a great commercial value to the press. Editors who supported the bill were not disingenuous then. Why should he think us disingenuous now?

Many newspaper editors began as junior reporters and spent much time in magistrates' courts. They can speak with a close knowledge of the workings of justice. They have seen the value of publicity shown in a multitude of cases. I doubt whether Polycritic and others who wish to censor and curb the press have had anything like this close acquaintance with the subject.

Yorkshire Post, Leeds 1. LINTON ANDREWS

INDIA AND THE H-BOMB

SIR,—It is sad to find the NEW STATESMAN prefacing its argument for the postponement of the Christmas Island experiments with a statement which seems to indicate some sympathy with the point of view of politicians who are dealing with this great moral issue in terms of what you call "bargaining counters." Since these "counters" are about to be used for gambling with the future of humanity on a scale which the most eminent scientists are unable to calculate, the decision whether unilateral action should be taken to stop the tests is surely not, as you suggest, a question to be decided on scientific or political grounds, but in terms of the simple choice between right and wrong. The first principle of political, as of personal, morality is not to do wrong because another does it. The great wrong about to be committed by the British government cannot be excused on the grounds that such things have been done by the governments of Russia and the U.S.

To Britain's friends in India it is a source of great grief and disappointment that British public opinion should so far have proved not strong enough to compel those in authority to see the issue in its true light, and to act. Now it seems that even the moving appeal of the Japanese people and of their government has been equally ineffective. The non-nuclear powers have to do what they can in order to stop the tests and prevent further damage. That is why I have said that India must, on this issue, exercise its right as a partner and leave the Commonwealth. I am with those who believe that membership in a great Commonwealth is something we should hold to be precious. But there are occasions when the best use to which we can put a precious possession is to offer to lose it. To break over Kashmir would have been selfish and wrong. Equally, to remain in the Commonwealth now would be to share the guilt of a crime whose magnitude can only be guessed. The hesitation of India's many friends in Britain to approve of my suggestion is understandable. It is just a further proof of their friendship, and that again is the measure of the sacrifice I propose.

60 Bazlullah Road, Madras 17. C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

[Mr. Rajagopalachari succeeded Lord Mountbatten as Governor-General of India.]

OPERATION PAVEMENT

SIR,—In your editorial comment last week you "note that no answer has yet been given by the London County Council to the charges made in this journal about the shocking condition of homeless families in London."

The article in which these charges were made was incomplete and misleading. The author of the article has been invited to visit the accommodation provided for homeless families by the London County Council in order that she may see for herself what is being done, and then put the real facts to your readers, but unfortunately she has not seen fit to accept this invitation, which, however, is still open.

Welfare Committee, The County Hall, S.E.1. OLIVE G. DEER, *Chairman*

[Mrs. Harvey writes: I originally accepted the L.C.C.'s invitation asking, meanwhile, how many families had been placed in accommodation, other than that mentioned in my article, since June, 1956—when the new policy of "getting rid of the homeless" was adopted. This necessary information has not been forthcoming and, without it, a visit to County Hall would, from my point of view, be pointless. I have, of course, seen for myself what conditions are like in L.C.C. accommodation for the homeless and cannot think that an arranged and escorted tour would be half so valuable. If what I wrote was "incomplete and misleading," I feel that the L.C.C. should be asked to substantiate this in public.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE UNIONS AND SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—In the desperate struggle which the 10 million Africans in South Africa are waging against cruel oppression, it is gratifying to see the magnificent role played by some of the churches in this country which have raised hundreds of thousands of pounds to help courageous Christians to combat the evils of Verwoerd's Bantu Education Act. "Christian Action" and the devoted friend of the cause of African freedom, Canon L. John Collins, have collected over £10,000 to assist the 156 opponents of Apartheid who are now facing charges of high treason. British universities and students have also promptly responded to the call of their fellows in South Africa, by voicing their indignant protest against the introduction of Apartheid in the South African universities.

The rulers of South Africa have also recently passed a law prohibiting white workers and non-white workers from belonging to the same trade unions. On January 1, 1957, the new Industrial Conciliation Act became law. Under this monstrous measure all South African trade unions lose their independence and are placed under the control of the Minister of Labour, Mr. Jan de Klerk. Under the Act Mr. de Klerk is also given power to exclude any racial group from any industry, trade or occupation—a dire threat to the livelihood of the 3½ million non-white workers.

Where is the spirit of international trade union solidarity about which we hear so much? A million African workers can be organised into trade unions. They do not lack courage or determination, but urgently need financial and moral assistance. The strength of the oppressed was shown recently during the bus boycott. The British trade union movement has raised tens of thousands of pounds for Hungarian freedom fighters and for other causes; surely it can do something to help the African workers? A powerful African trade union movement will be a mighty factor in ridding South Africa of tyranny. The international trade union movement, which has often applied sanctions, might take notice of a speech, made on January 22 this year in the Union House of Assembly by one of the M.P.s of the United Party, from which I quote the following extracts:

> . . . For years I have feared that economic sanctions might be applied against us, in several ways. . . . Should the big trade unions in the United States refuse to handle imports and exports as far as South Africa is concerned, what would happen? Ask any farmer . . . what would happen if not a single implement, tractor, plough, car or spare part (in the millions' worth of U.S.A. machinery we possess), could be got from America. Ask your industrialist or mining houses what would happen if we could not export gold, diamonds and base minerals.
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terest to her. But we have seen what attitude leftist trade unionists have taken up . . . suppose these leftist-led trade unions in England took similar action and were to refuse to handle any imports from or exports to South Africa. . . . Because remember, Sir, they still buy, for instance, more than 50 per cent. of our total wool clip, and Great Britain is practically our only market for our fruit, citrus, wine and other perishable products. . . . I could mention many more examples of how such a disaster for South Africa could happen overnight. . . . During the last five years I have been deeply worried over this danger.

British unions could well draw the obvious conclusions from this speech. They might begin by giving practical and substantial help to the organisations which are struggling for rights won in this country a century ago.

602 Clive Court, E. S. SACHS
W.9.

SUBSIDISED SEGREGATION

SIR,—If Sir Stephen King-Hall can guarantee that the present measure of segregation in the University College of the Rhodesias is but temporary, that it is, in fact, the precursor of complete non-segregation, and that this is the declared policy of the Rhodesian government and of the Europeans, then, and only then, will I withdraw my objection to this colour bar being subsidised by the British taxpayer.

But surely Sir Stephen learnt from his visit to the Federation that the politically and economically powerful white minority there will not tolerate the complete abolition of the colour bar. That is why, despite some criticisms from the extreme racialists, they support the "multi-racial" college—provided that the African students are to some degree segregated. I fear that, once this segregation is accepted without complaint by the world outside and comes to be regarded as part of the normal pattern of Rhodesian society, there will be small chance of the African student ever living in genuine freedom and dignity.

House of Commons. LESLIE PLUMMER

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HART-DAVIS

TOMATO ROAD

SIR,—Mr. Hyams's fascinating description of the tomato economy of Gran Canaria contains a curious argument: "A good English or Channel Island tomato grower could, by the use of other varieties, by hygiene in the seed beds, and by better disease and pest control, double the Canaries crop. But to do this he would need more and more machinery, apparatus and materials. All these things would be worth their cost only if labour were scarce and dear." These improvements are calculated to increase the output of the existing amount of labour and land. They are not of the type, such as mechanised transport and cultivation, which saves labour while leaving output more or less constant. Assuming that the additional crop could be sold without a serious fall in the price of tomatoes, an investment of capital in these improvements would be highly advantageous. The level of wages has nothing whatever to do with it. The reason that the investment is not made is, presumably, that the islanders lack finance and that no outside capitalist or public authority is concerned to supply it for them.

I would not ask you to bother your readers with this argument were it not that the distinction between land-improving and labour-saving investment is one of great importance for all under-developed economies, and this sort of confusion about it may have a harmful influence on policy in wider spheres.

Cambridge. JOAN ROBINSON

PRISONS AND MENTAL HOSPITALS

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A Former Member of the Unit" (April 13, 1957), and I seem to be at cross purposes. I quoted Dr. Maxwell Jones precisely because his Social Rehabilitation Unit is a model of its kind, one of the rare havens where mental patients are treated as human beings, and therefore emerge enriched by their experience.

What I wished to point out in my original letter was (a) the similarity between prisons, prisoners—mental hospitals and mental patients; (b) the disparity between places like the Social Rehabilitation Unit at Belmont and the majority of mental institutions in this country.

I should like to stress again that the "clearing depot" atmosphere so vividly described by your correspondent is also found in many mental hospitals because the doctors and staff are not aware of their unconscious fear of the patient's illness. This leads to a punitive and "subtly destructive" attitude.

My remarks about foreign personnel did not refer to psychotherapists, nor were they meant in any sense as derogatory of foreigners in general. What I stated was that in some cases unqualified persons, designated as nurses, were unable to communicate with seriously disturbed patients because the former, here to learn the language, were unable initially to speak English. They were neither more nor less humane, simply speechless.

May I humbly and gently suggest that the stigma attached to having been mentally ill is illustrated by the fact that your correspondent does not give his name. This is not meant as a criticism, but stated simply to emphasise the unfortunate position of those who have undergone the misery, shame and anguish of a mental illness.

K. H. COHEN

64 Old Church Street,
S.W.3.

TO HELL WITH SUBTOPIA

SIR,—Your anonymous correspondent rashly accuses me of ignorant theorising. Having lived in a new town for nearly six years, housing conditions at 15-to-the-acre are everyday facts of life to me. I agree with him in one respect, however. Houses built at densities of 12 to 16 an acre, at the lowest possible price and to the lowest tolerable standards of amenity and space provision, are bound to be monotonous in the mass. It would be nice, therefore, to have occasional tower blocks of flats to liven the scene.

But flats cost at least 75 per cent. more to build than houses of equal floor space. Latest figures from one of our biggest cities give £4,300 for a three-bedroom flat, against £1,900 for a three-bedroom house in the same city. Therefore much larger public subsidies are needed to bring rents within reach of most wage-earners.

In addition, surveys have consistently shown that fewer than 10 per cent. of the population prefer a flat to a house with a garden. Earlier this month Sir Thomas Bennett, chairman of Crawley New Town Corporation, put the figure for Crawley as low as 2½ per cent.; and Crawley, like Harlow, is also "one of our most successful new towns." Despite this evidence, and on the basis of a hypothetical and highly arguable demand 15 to 50 years hence, your correspondent would make many more of the present generation live in expensive, highly rented and heartily disliked flats. Your readers may judge which of us is the most arrogant.

If houses providing a higher standard of accommodation are markedly cheaper to build than flats; if the great majority of people want a house with a garden; and if (as I believe) this is by far the best setting for satisfactory family life, why on earth should we seek to build more flats than there are families wishing to live in them?

The estimated surplus population of our overcrowded towns and cities is above two million. If all these people were re-housed in new and expanded towns at residential densities of 12 to 14 dwellings to the acre, with their factories, offices, shops, schools, roads and playing fields, only 1 per cent. of our 45 million acres of agricultural land would be used in the process. If a large proportion of flats were built, the "saving" in land would, for obvious reasons, be much less than proportional. But at present prices and subsidies the extra cost to the public of each acre "saved" would be up to £20,000.

So much for the fanciful talk of "London extending 60 miles in every direction." Urban sprawl must be stopped, but you will not do it by building flats. The counter-attackers should confine their attentions to ugly street furniture and countryside litter. They would find many worthy allies for their cause.

WYNDHAM THOMAS
General Secretary
Town & County Planning Association,
28 King Street,
W.C.2.

VOTES FOR WOMEN

SIR,—I must take issue with Dr. Fairfield on the last paragraph of her otherwise fair and reasonable review of *Votes for Women*, by Roger Fulford.

In my view women did not get the vote in 1918 because Mrs. Pankhurst advised her adherents to give up "all forms of propaganda." No one knew better than she did how much her cause and her own prestige had been declining when the "Kaiser intervened." To make a virtue of necessity was the camouflage.

To claim the vote as a result is altogether beside the mark. Suffragettes and suffragists alike were numerically a small group after all. The great body of women looked from afar on their claims for the vote whether made peacefully or otherwise. The fact that the suffragettes desisted from their campaign of violence made no difference in the crisis of 1914-1918, nor did it influence the politicians. The women of all classes rallied to their country's call, pouring into factories, workshops, the forces and the ministries, and into every job vacated by a man who had to fight. They did so without any claims for recognition at the time or after, and they were found to be able to carry out the work they undertook as well as the men whom they relieved, and sometimes better.

That was why there was a Sex Disqualifications Removal Act in 1918.

Hexham, JANET BEVERIDGE
Northumberland.

A CORRECTION

SIR,—We act for Miss Rebecca West, and our attention has been called to the letter from Mr. Graham Greene published in your issue of the 13th instant. Mr. Graham Greene is mistaken in his facts as no action for libel has ever been brought against our client by Mr. Evelyn Waugh.

M. A. JACOBS & SONS
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Natural Goethe

WHAT strikes one always in Goethe is his extraordinary substantiality. We see the rounded obviousness of natural things embodied in a human being; something between a magnificent tree and a man. That position brought him suffering as well as fertility. He could not help spreading outward and upward from the mystery surrounding him, for it was the mystery of nature. He was aware of it in everything, and he felt it in himself, in his friends and the women he loved. He tried to penetrate into it by every road he could find, through poetry and by studying geology, physiology, physiognomy, the life of plants, the practical life of men and societies. Like Blake he was against Newton, and detested all systems which substituted for nature some abstract construction, for that killed it as he knew it in himself. Without his reverence for nature, one feels he would have lost his self-respect.

The spirit in which he investigated nature is shown in a letter to Frau von Stein from Rome, written in great excitement:

> Tell Herder I am near the secret of the reproduction and organisation of plants, and that it is the very simplest you could imagine. Tell him that I have discovered quite definitely and unmistakably where the germ lies hidden, that I already have a general conception of the rest and that there are only a few points now to fix more precisely. My "Primal Plant" will be the most extraordinary creation in the world, one that nature herself might envy me. With this model and the key to it one can go on and on indefinitely inventing plants, which must be consistent, I mean plants which, even though they do not exist, might exist, not just picturesque and poetic shadows or semblances, but possessing the quality of inner truth and necessity. The same law will be applicable to all other living things.

It is almost as if the magician Faust were speaking. Years later Goethe almost quarrelled with Schiller for insisting that the Primal Plant was a mere idea, not a real imagined thing. Blake would have said that such illusions came from the vegetative world; but that was the world out of which Goethe's genius grew, and to him the primal mystery.

This selection of letters*, very well translated, and with an admirable introduction by Professor Bruford, shows Goethe "growing like a tree," and traces externally his irresistible development outwards as he grew more and more skilful and practical. For the secret life behind this, the sufferings and uncertainties of growth, we have still to go to the poems and plays and the intimate conversations with Eckermann. The early letters are naturally the more spontaneous and the later ones the more cautious. We see Goethe becoming more and more himself as he leaves farther behind what he might have been. Yet he knew very early what he was to become. When he was twenty-five he wrote to his friend Jacobi:

> You see, my dear fellow, the beginning and end of all my writing is to reproduce the world around me; the world within me seizes, combines, recreates, moulds and presents it all anew, in its own form and manner.

He is speaking of his poetry, and one cannot help being struck by the resemblance between what he says and Coleridge's definition of the imagination half a century later. Yet the words could have applied equally well to his Primal Plant. In the same year, writing to Countess Stolberg, he draws with precocious self-knowledge two portraits of himself, a Goethe "moving among all sorts of people", driven "from the party to the concert and from these to the ball", and a quite different Goethe, sketched with youthful defiance:

> He doesn't look to right or left, he doesn't ask for any opinion on what he has done, for he has always worked on, reached a new step. Nor does he want to jump to an ideal; he lets his feelings struggle and dally and gradually develop into talents.

Passion indissolubly married to watchfulness and calculation. He observed his feelings with the same entranced objectivity that he gave to the life of nature. The calculation grew upon him during his long service at the Court of Weimar, which overburdened him with the duties and responsibilities of a public figure, and we find him writing presently:

> I am my usual self, thoughtfully imprudent and warmly cold.

Yet his self-portrait of himself at twenty-five is repeated again fifty-six years later in a letter to Wilhelm von Humboldt, written two days before his death:

> The earlier man becomes aware that there exists some craft, some art that can help him towards a controlled heightening of his natural abilities, the happier he is; whatever he may receive from without does not harm his innate individuality. The best genius is that which absorbs everything within itself, knows how to appropriate everything, without this in the least impairing its fundamental dispositions, called its character, but rather enhancing and furthering them throughout as much as possible.

That reads like an apologia and epitaph for himself, and who can deny that it was justified? Yet in the same letter he doubts whether *Faust* will survive:

> The present age is so senseless and confused that I know I should only be poorly rewarded for my many years of sincere effort at erecting this strange building. It would be driven like a wrack on the shore and lie there, gradually covered by the sands of time. The world is ruled today by bewildering wrong counsel, urging bewildered wrong action. My most important task is to go on developing as much as possible whatever is and remains in me, distilling my own particular abilities again and again.

He was then eighty-one. Like Faust he had spent his long life in ceaseless effort and fruitful activity, never content to rest in the happy moment:

Verweile doch! Du bist so schön!

But he did not see before him, like Faust, a new, free race rising from the reclaimed waste lands, but a scientific century which would deface for its own purposes, which he hated, the true ends of nature. To watch a man "developing as much as possible" at eighty-one in the service of the world he was leaving and a world to come which he dreaded, is an astonishing and awesome spectacle.

One is powerfully reminded of Faust as one reads those letters describing Goethe's countless duties at the Court of Weimar, helping to put out fires at neighbouring villages, advising Carl August on the line he should take with Frederick the Great, who wanted to recruit soldiers from Weimar, supervising the silver mines at Ilmenau, establishing a Botanic Garden and a College of Art for the University of Jena, attending to the cutting of a canal, visiting the front as a watcher during the wars against Napoleon, and at the same time writing scientific treatises on botany and optics, studying physiology and geology, corresponding with Schiller on the nature of the epic and the drama, writing epics and dramas and innumerable lyrics, and falling in love. *Faust* was written, as we know, at intervals during Goethe's whole maturity, and it developed along with his own development, which ended only with his death. So at the end Faust is not damned but justified, as Goethe claims to be in his last letter. There is no place in the religion of development for tragedy, but only the overwhelming regret that development must cease, and Faust and Goethe along with it, and be as if it had never been, "covered by the sands of time." After Faust's death Mephistopheles cries: "The hour stands still, the hour strikes, it is accomplished." But the chorus answers "It is over," and Mephistopheles breaks into his marvellous tirade against the vanity of all that is created, since it must come to nothing. That is the most profound stroke of imagination in the play. But it could not be the last word. The heavenly hosts appear, so enchanting that Mephistopheles himself is caught in the fires of love, fires more intense than those he knows so well, and stands helplessly by while Faust's soul is carried up to heaven. The play ends in a magnificent burst of poetic fireworks; hope, the first article in the religion of development, reveals itself, when all is "over", as love. Yet all is already over in the play, as Mephistopheles said, if *Faust* is a play; and the last scene is an extra, not a conclusion.

Professor Erich Heller calls *Faust* a great collection of lyrical poetry rather than a drama. It is certainly a very great work, but if it is a drama it is one without dramatic development. The characters' actions do not determine their fate. Gretchen drowns her child, Faust sells his soul to the devil, but they are both saved, Gretchen by hope, Faust by endless effort. There is no conclusion, but only expansion, and the mystical assertion that all that happens in time is symbolical. Tragedy says that all that happens in time is real. Sometimes in *Faust* and the wonderful songs in *Wilhelm Meister* Goethe penetrates to suffering more real than the growing pains of development, real as these were to him. The poet who wrote that he who has not spent his nights in tears can never know the heavenly powers does not appear in these letters. What we see there, very clearly, is the development.

That is a matter for endless speculation. Weimar must have determined the course of

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* *Letters from Goethe.* Translated by M. VON HERZFELD and C. MELVIL SYM. Introduction by W. H. BRUFORD. *Edinburgh University Press.* 42*s.*

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Goethe's genius. We must accept his own judgment:

> Merck and others are quite wrong about my situation; they can see only what I give up and not what I gain, and can't understand that by daily yielding so much, I grow daily richer.

Yet in spite of his practical wisdom, displayed again and again in these letters, we feel that there is another Goethe behind. We are shown a formidable character, but not very much of the poet. A single letter of Keats reveals more. But the poet is in Goethe's poetry.

EDWIN MUIR

Japan: Æsthetic Point

Flower, yellow upon green:
A jot of mist between
It and the autumn tree.
Well, this is what you see
In fact, a painted screen,
Somebody's artistry.

But it is *real*, you say,
No one made it that way.
Not paint, but its own pigment,
Not silk, but fabric sent
Through natural roots: display
No artist ever meant.

You say these people hold
The secret, lost of old,
Which life and art should share.
These patterns do not stare
Me in the face, too bold
For here or anywhere.

Still, there is always this
Side to such mysteries—
Small boys, all about six,
Beating with stones and sticks
A butterfly which is
Beyond these æsthetics.

Being not quite dead, it stirs
Feebly. The eye prefers
Death patterned on a screen.
Its yellow and its green
Lie smashed. The artist blurs
The too deliberate scene.

So this is life and that
Is art, the duplicate
Which stares life in the face,
And this uncanny race,
So cruel, so delicate,
Shows each its separate place.

ANTHONY THWAITE

The Splendid Comedian

Parnell and his Party, 1880-90. By CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN. *Oxford.* 45*s.*

The main events in the political story of Charles Stewart Parnell occupy only eleven years of history. The logic, irony, pathos and tragedy of those events need no elaborate glosses by academic historians: in T. M. Healy's well-known phrase Parnell was a "splendid comedian," and certainly his career made up a drama with magnificent episodes and a tremendous final curtain. Like all great dramas it can be appreciated and discussed at many different levels. Although its themes are in a sense universal, its detailed content is sufficiently near and relevant—at least to a twentieth-century Irish audience—to provoke not only a sense of involvement and excitement but of enthusiastic partisanship. If Englishmen are less well informed about the details, they can still be stirred once they get to know them.

Mr. O'Brien's absorbing book is a brilliant contribution to a full understanding of Parnell and his work. It does not set out to re-tell the story of Parnell in slightly different words with a slightly new emphasis and a bundle of up-to-date judgments: instead it places Parnell very firmly in the middle of his own immediate political context, shows how from 1880 to 1890 a new type of Irish party was created at Westminster, traces the relationships between the leaders and members of that party and the main sections of Irish opinion, and finally describes the way in which in 1890 the party and its leader destroyed each other. Mr. O'Brien has made full use of documentary as well as secondary sources, has brought to his work a scholarly acquaintance with general theories of party in other places and at other times, and has combined sophisticated technical analysis with imaginative insight of a high order. So balanced is his study that Parnell is never in any danger, as so many other political figures of the nineteenth century recently have been, of slipping between the statistical tables of party composition or getting lost in a tangle of committee reports and subscription lists. Indeed, the elements of personal mystery in the "splendid comedian" are shown to have been politically necessary as well as temperamentally irresistible.

Mr. O'Brien demonstrates convincingly for instance that when his famous namesake William O'Brien met Parnell by arrangement behind Greenwich Observatory on a foggy night in December 1886 and confronted a bizarre figure who "could scarcely have been more startling if it was his ghost I met wandering in the eternal shades", he was already meeting not a man but an "incarnate myth." The Parnell legend antedated the divorce case and the final curtain of the tragedy: it was a vital ingredient of eleven years of politics. In order to carry out what was essentially a constitutional policy of converting Ireland as well as England to Home Rule won at Westminster, Parnell had to be awe-inspiring and mysterious, to some of his followers a revolutionary, to others a far-seeing conservative. Irish-American financial backers were as important in his strategy as English members of the House of Commons, and the splendid comedian had no alternative but to play many parts. In time, however, as Mr. O'Brien points out, what began as a technique of power grew upon Parnell until he became the servant, not the master, of his own legend. In 1890 in the final debates about party leadership in Committee Room 15 Parnell acted "not like the cool and rational leader of men that he had been, but like the romantic hero that he had been forced to seem. That was the tragedy."

For the previous ten years, of course, mystery and ambiguity had not been all. Parnell took command of a highly disciplined party which bore little resemblance to the loosely controlled and unpledged party led by Isaac Butt in the parliament of 1874. At first Parnell's leadership was cramped—Mr. O'Brien provides a masterly account of the various forces brought to bear on him—but between 1880 and 1885 a party machine was created at Westminster and in Ireland which permitted Parnell to become undisputed leader, "a kind of Moses" leading his people to salvation. The election of 1885 strengthened the party and gave it a commanding position in British politics; neither of the two great English parties could rule without Parnell's consent. It was against this background that Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill in 1886. While English Liberals bitterly attacked one another, the Parnellite party was so free from intrigue and deviation between 1886 and 1890 that almost the only disciplinary effort needed was to ensure the regular attendance of members at the House of Commons. Even when the news of Parnell's divorce became public, the party began by holding firm and re-electing him as chairman.

More than sixty pages of Mr. O'Brien's book are devoted to a fascinating analysis of why the split came and what was its political significance. He emphasises the slowness of Irish Catholic opinion to condemn Parnell, the crucial importance of Gladstone's actions in stirring up an

Irish opposition group to Parnell, the fatal incapacity of Parnell to control the situation and the increasing bitterness both of Parnell and of his opponents. It is difficult to dispute his final verdict—modestly he calls it an opinion—that Parnell's decision to cling to the party leadership after the verdict of the divorce court was indefensible, and destroyed the unity of the party, but that nonetheless the party forfeited the substance of its power and independence by abandoning its leader at Gladstone's bidding. There was no really effective alternative leader available, and thus something far more than Parnell's leadership was lost in 1890. The curtain fell not only on a broken romantic hero but on a decade of impressive hopes—of a full "union of hearts" between Irishmen and Englishmen, of a united Ireland within a British Empire. Whether these hopes could have been realised depended, of course, on many other dramas besides that of Parnell.

There are many elements in the drama of Parnell and Ireland which suggest that it was not unique but one of a *genre*. Colonial struggles in other parts of the world have produced curiously similar patterns, and the British government, torn between coercion and compromise, has played a common part in several of them. Even Parnell, for all his unique combination of qualities, was in some sense a prototype. There is much in this book for universal consumption, much that belongs to the twentieth as well as to the nineteenth century. Parnell cannot be left to the poets and playwrights: the detailed analysis in this most important academic study should be required reading for all British politicians.

ASA BRIGGS

New Novels

Fires on the Plain. By SHŌHEI OŌKA. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Seize the Day. By SAUL BELLOW. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Faces of Love. By JOHN HEARNE. *Faber.* 15*s.*

The Day the Money Stopped. By BRENDAN GILL. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Most war novels which rise above the merely documentary are yelps of anger, anger at humiliation and the betrayal of human dignity; the villains, indeed the enemies, are not the soldiers of the other side but the whole hierarchy of superior officers from lance-corporal upwards, everything that makes the war-machine what it is. Professor Oōka's *Fires on the Plain* begins: "My squad-leader slapped me in the face." His theme, however, is not humiliation; he is not protesting against the degradation of man; he is concerned with something more fundamental, the solitary human being in the extreme situation.

The setting of *Fires on the Plain* is Leyte in 1945. The Japanese Army is no longer an army but a disorganised rabble. Professor Oōka's hero, the educated private soldier Tamura, who has been a Christian in his childhood, has been thrown out of the hospital where he has been treated for tuberculosis because there is no longer food for the patients, and on returning to his unit he is driven off by the squad-leader because he means another mouth to feed. The novel is Tamura's own relation of his wanderings across Leyte, dodging Philippine guerillas and American shelling and machine-gun fire, sometimes alone, sometimes with other Japanese soldiers casually encountered, but always starving and often in delirium. The climax of the novel is his realisation that he has become a cannibal, that the monkey meat he has been given by another soldier is in fact human flesh.

All this—his wanderings, his sufferings, his visions in delirium—is described with an extraordinary, almost hallucinatory vividness. We are spared nothing in the way of horror: the novel is steeped in the stench of rotting corpses; yet the final impression is not horrible. Rather, it is of a strange and terrible beauty. What we read is

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an account of experience recollected in tranquillity of a sort, the tranquillity of the mental hospital. After his rescue by the Americans, Tamura is sent back to Japan as a schizophrenic case: one part of his mind sees him as God's avenging angel. *Fires on the Plain* would be notable if taken simply as a rendering of a schizophrenic condition, but there is more to it than that: Professor Oóka uses schizophrenia to symbolise the divided nature of man, and it is not an accident that the cross is a recurring image in the novel. This book has the depth, the density, the strata of meanings of a highly organised poem.

Mr. Saul Bellow's new novel is altogether slighter than *Augie March* but it has the same acceptance of the contemporary world. It is a wry, affectionate comedy of exasperated urban man. Tommy Wilhelm, middle-aged, a failed film actor, a failed salesman, separated from his wife and children, jobless, lives in a residential hotel inhabited mainly by the old and retired near Columbia University. He has just handed over all his remaining money to a phoney psychiatrist who has promised him an income from gambling with it on the stock market. He loses it, as he has known he will, for he has reached the conclusion that:

> Maybe the making of mistakes expressed the very purpose of his life and the essence of his being here. Maybe he was supposed to make them and suffer from them on this earth.

"A mile further and all would have been marsh," wrote Yeats of *A Shropshire Lad*, and of *Seize the Day* it might be said a mile further and all would be William Saroyan. What saves Mr. Bellow is the energy and firmness of his prose and his astonishing eye for externals. The resolution of this novel seemed to me altogether too easy, but in it Mr. Bellow has created two splendid comic characters, Tommy's father, the old man clinging desperately to his life and his money and finding his son only an embarrassment, and Dr. Tamkin, the psychiatrist; while Tommy himself is an effective emblem of baffled, humble goodness, the dumb ox only too much aware of his own dumbness.

The Faces of Love is a tragedy of love, lust and the lust for power in a Caribbean island. As tragedy it is only moderately interesting, for the characters have little but their violence to commend them. What gives the novel its distinction is the sense it conveys, more strongly than any other West Indian novel I have read, of a new kind of society and possibly of a new civilisation; a society with no colour-bar, the members of which may themselves be of any colour from black to pinko-grey. It is a society liberated from at any rate one of the tensions that cripple so much of the modern world, and Mr. Hearne describes it with vigour and some subtlety and with the confidence of a new nationalism.

Mr. Brendan Gill must get top marks for cleverness: *The Day the Money Stopped* is written as an almost continuous dialogue, and the dialogue flashes and sparkles throughout. The novel might be described as Ibsen rewritten for *The New Yorker*: Mr. Gill's hero, Charlie Morrow, the black sheep of the family, turns up at his brother's law office to find out what is due to him from his father's will. Nothing but an old watch and a parcel of old books: his heritage he has squandered while his father was still alive. During the dialogue between the two brothers and the sister, the family skeletons tumble out of the cunningly concealed cupboards and the rectitudinous father is revealed as possessed of endearing feet of clay. It is often very funny: Charlie's characteristic way with words suggests that he has been powerfully influenced by the poetry of E. E. Cummings and also by his non-lectures. The trouble is, Mr. Gill and Charlie are too bright too often and for too long, and this reviewer ended the novel with the depressing conviction that it would have been nicer and more original if for once respectability, that despised state, had been allowed to triumph.

WALTER ALLEN

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Disciple Embarrassing

Doctor Courageous: The Story of Dr. Grantly Dick Read. By A. NOYES THOMAS. *Heinemann.* 18s.

If you wish to spite your doctor over his wage claim, write a laudatory book about him in his lifetime. Nothing could cause him more personal annoyance or professional mischief. Mr. Thomas has performed a service of this kind for Dr. Grantly Dick Read. Few more embarrassing books have ever been written by tactless disciples about living practitioners—it is as if Mr. Eamonn Andrews, with a megaphone, had been set to turn out somebody's private papers. It does, however, succeed in giving a most striking commentary on the relationship between medical theory and the personality of the theorist—obliquely, for Mr. Thomas's approach is not that of the critical observer.

Dr. Grantly Dick Read has spent his professional career in the very single-minded advocacy of his opinions on painless childbirth. Mr. Thomas has in the back of his mind, I think, the stereotype of the forthright genius hemmed in by idiot colleagues: as a result, he plays down rather heavily the amount of recognition accorded to Dr. Read's ideas, and concentrates on the ructions. The reality is obviously more interesting than the book implies, for the ructions spring not from its subject's ideas but from his personality—it seems to be the story of a man who has seized upon an important and substantial point, which was both valid in itself and met a profound emotional need in its discoverer, and who has promoted it out of a sense of mission, being too keen, too honest and too tactless to go in for the lifemanship necessary to sweeten his colleagues. A smooth type could have made the same point without having a row—every one of Dr. Read's books was excellently reviewed, and his main contentions welcomed. But smooth types do not have a sense of mission. If Dr. Read is right he is in good company among the unbiddable—the few rows recounted by Mr. Thomas pale before the uproar which surrounded Lister or John Hunter. Such a personality faces large tasks, if he is to stick to his vision without becoming uncritical about it—he must avoid creating a System, overstating the case, getting paranoid about his opponents. Dr. Read seems to have had enough sense of humour to do this. He survives Mr. Thomas's buffalo-like progress through his private life with no serious injury. But he might very pardonably wish attention in his lifetime to be focused on the scientific merit or demerit of his opinions, not on letters he wrote to his mother. That could well be reserved for the necropsy. Here Mr. Thomas offers no help. What serious scientific criticism has been advanced of Dr. Read's ideas? How far are they generally applicable? How good are his results? What is the substance of his contribution? These questions are relevant to the biography. As a non-obstetrician with no previous knowledge or opinion of Dr. Read's work beyond hearsay, I would genuinely like the answers—perverse as it may be, I cannot take anecdotal biography without them, and if Mr. Thomas is impressed, as he seems to be, with the work and personality of his man he would do him better service by discussing them.

ALEX COMFORT

But the Flesh is Weak

Christian Democracy in Western Europe, 1820-1953. By MICHAEL P. FOGARTY. *Routledge.* 45s.

This book is an elaborate historical smokescreen. To read it one would never suspect that Christian Democracy has proved, in the political sphere, an unmitigated failure. Superficially, of course, the creation of a mass working-class movement, pledged to secure social justice within the framework of Christian teaching, is a sound idea. Unfortunately, the Demochristians came into the field too late. Not until the last quarter of the nineteenth century was the papacy persuaded to align Christian teaching with anything approaching social justice, and by this time the Communists, Socialists and other anti-clerical parties had succeeded in capturing the mass of the industrial vote. Hence, even in countries with an overwhelming Catholic majority, the Demochristian parties have never managed to secure a working-class electorate large enough to anchor their political centre of gravity firmly on the left. Instead—particularly since the last war—they have merely provided a convenient Trojan Horse for middle-class voters anxious to combine opposition to social change with a respectable democratic façade. In West Germany, for instance, the success of the Christian Democrats has enabled Dr. Adenauer and Dr. Erhard to carry through an economic policy based openly and exclusively on big business principles—something which neither Mr. Macmillan nor Mr. Butler has dared to attempt. In France, the M.R.P. has become not only a complacent prisoner of the right in social affairs, but a vociferous champion of colonialism. Only in Italy have the Demochristians preserved something like a centre position.

It is not, therefore, surprising that Professor Fogarty, in this massive and scholarly work, devotes so little space to the political record, in office, of the movement he describes. He is very thorough on its origins, and he provides a mass of documentation, hitherto unavailable in English, on its doctrines; but he appears to lose interest when it comes to describing its performance. It is all very well for him to say, in his preface, that "the reference to recent and current affairs cannot be as detailed as some might wish." For a book of this length, and title, this simply will not do. After all, the real importance of Christian Democracy, as with Communism, lies not in its ideals, but in its actual impact on world

affairs and the countries in which it has flourished. In general, the Demochristian parties only came to power after the second world war. It is on their achievements since then that they must be judged, and it is precisely here that Professor Fogarty's book proves inadequate. It will doubtless prove useful, even indispensable, to students of the movement, but for the general reader François Goguel's Christian *Democracy in France and Italy* is a much more realistic guide.

PAUL JOHNSON

Detection and Crime

End of Chapter. By NICHOLAS BLAKE. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Men in Her Death. By STEPHEN RANSOME. *Gollancz.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Top of the Heap. By A. A. FAIR. *Heinemann.* 12*s.*6*d.*

Borrow the Night. By HELEN NIELSEN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Postmark Murder. By M. G. EBERHART. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Appleby Plays Chicken. By MICHAEL INNES. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Man Out of the Rain. By PHILIP MACDONALD. *Jenkins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Anything to Declare? By FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The scene of the crime in *End of Chapter* is a London publisher's office, where nobody in the ordinary course of events expects to have his throat cut—except perhaps metaphorically, publishers being so hideously competitive. Nicholas Blake is generally at his best in such humdrum surroundings, and we anticipate him putting the partners and the office staff through their paces with the highest expectations. Indeed, all goes splendidly while the background is being lovingly substantiated, for it is not until page 94 that the razor strikes and Nigel Strangeways has to stop pottering round and brace himself for real business. But then the rot sets in. We have ominously been promised "bizarre incidents" on the dust cover, and as soon as the bizarre bounces in, plausibility sneaks off the premises. Yet without this bizarre intrusion there would be too few suspects to bewilder the astute reader. In spite of this weakness, in a lean spring season for detection *End of Chapter* deserves to head the list.

For a father who goes courting his son's girl under an assumed name no penance could be too severe. In *The Men in Her Death* he is lucky to escape with only a mild suspicion of murder attaching to him. Who did kill the girl is another matter, but not quite so inscrutable as Mr. Ransome would like us to suppose, when he surrounds the corpse with suspicious-looking men. In American detection good men can theoretically kill bad girls, but they don't in practice. Who in their senses could suspect a sheriff's deputy, for instance? Moreover, the eventual culprit must always be expendable on moral grounds. Take another look! And the best qualified candidate for the role may easily be discerned.

Whenever he concocts a plot too rough for Perry Mason and that requires violent measures for its solution, Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner changes his name to A. A. Fair and introduces a wizened private detective called Donald Lam to take the necessary punishment. Lam, a plucky, brainy little fellow, is generally teamed up with an odious female colleague known as Bertha Cool, who is meant to be comic. Mercifully, Bertha is roped off from *Top of the Heap*, in which a gangster is shot, his moll is murdered, a mining magnate comes to grief, a little blackmail ruffles some stuffed shirts and Lam himself makes a fortune, all at Californian speed. Very nice going!

Borrow the Night is another Californian, conducted at a more ladylike pace, thereby allowing Miss Nielsen to emphasise the strange behaviour of her characters which her strange plot requires. A judge who has sentenced a man to death him-

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HAMISH HAMILTON

self receives sentence of execution from an anonymous Mr. Justice: the policeman who arrested the man receives a similar anonymous threat. Naturally the condemned man must be innocent, so the judge and the policeman between them have to ferret out the real murderer. I absolutely guarantee that Miss Nielsen, who is a very inventive lady, will spring a surprise on the last page; but it is a shocking kind of surprise which to my mind plumbs a new low in Californian psychology.

Mrs. Eberhart's famous talent for suspense finds little scope in *Postmark Murder*. The scene is the usual Chicago in winter, yet no fog comes creeping in from the lake clawing at girls' faces with wet fingers. The heroine does once hear a murderer whispering in the dark and a little inarticulate Polish girl is supposed to wring our heart-strings, but the gist of the plot is money—the huge Stanislowski trust waiting for the proper claimant. Pole after Pole turns up after the funest cash, but which is the genuine article? The reader's business is to spot the impostor and to discover why both have to be killed. Mrs. Eberhart's lively style carries one through these long Polish corridors rather breathlessly to the gentleman we always thought might be waiting at the end—in the dark.

Michael Innes seems no longer able to approach his plots with a straight face. *Appleby Plays Chicken* is just another adventurous romp over the moors—on this occasion Dartmoor for a change—with so much absurdity thrown in that the whole proceedings resemble a farcical parody of John Buchan and *The Thirty Nine Steps*. Since no serious detection is intended, the reader need hardly bother to spot the ringleader of the secret agents who start shooting at undergraduates out for a stroll with Plato's *Republic* in their pockets. But in dealing with paradoxical Oxford dons the safest bet is the mildest man within view.

The Man Out of the Rain contains six extremely well written crime stories with that sadistic slant one should expect from an author who specialises in the gratuitous rasp over the reader's knuckles. One must prepare to nurse one's wounds when one sits down with Mr. Philip MacDonald; and an injudicious dose administered late at night may wake one up screaming.

The death of Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts the other day at the age of 77 closes one of the longest and most conscientious careers in detection. Chief Superintendent French, his Scotland Yard detective, developed his plodding, professional methods in deliberate contrast to Sherlock Holmes's brisk amateur improvisations. (That shows how long ago *The Cask* was written!) In consequence Crofts's plots were bound to be slow, but they were never unsound and were distinguished by scrupulous fairness. French was never allowed to keep anything up his sleeve from the reader. *Anything to Declare?* pays a last tribute to French's methods. An ingenious gang smuggle watches by boat from Switzerland into England, with murder in their wake. But the old bloodhound is too smart for them. Some of us can recall a similar unmasking of *The Pit Prop Syndicate* over thirty years ago with nostalgic affection.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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The Great Stone Face

Gertrude Stein: Her Life and Work. By ELIZABETH SPRIGGE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

Lord Acton, if I remember rightly, once wrote of certain historians that "the weak man with the whitewash follows the strong man with the sword." In much the same way, behind the unkempt, imprecise, and sometimes bogus figures of literary history come the tidy, exact, and scrupulous biographers, carrying not whitewash but watercolours. Miss Sprigge seems to be one of them. Her book has the virtues and limitations of objectivity: she knows all about Gertrude Stein, but seems fundamentally uninvolved. She has had access to many private papers and letters; she has talked with Alice Toklas, and with other friends and relations; she has spent months in France and in America; she has read all the relevant books. Her own includes twenty-seven magnificent plates of photographs and paintings, among them the famous Picasso portrait. But for all its completeness, the book seems discreet and timid, and Miss Sprigge's enthusiasm for Gertrude Stein's writing is, as she says, a matter of "interest and amusement", "pleasure" more often than "admiration and joy." This may demonstrate her sanity: but exciting books are not often level-headed. If you are a devotee of Gertrude Stein, you will probably read this biography in any case. If not, its interest for you will depend on your assessment of Gertrude Stein's work.

Many of its reviewers have taken the occasion to blink about them in a morning-after bewilderment that people ever took Miss Stein's writing so seriously. Some now see her as a wealthy and sometimes discriminating dilettante who imposed her affectations on the public and on herself: not necessarily insincere, but partly self-deluding: a likeable person in some ways, but a literary sham. I disagree. A certain reaction is no doubt inevitable: the day-before-yesterday's fashions look comic and even pathetic, and a biographer's *ex officio* reverence invites ripostes. Nevertheless, before dismissing "rose is a rose is a rose" and the rest of it, it's only fair to ask what Gertrude Stein was about.

She gave innumerable explanations. "A comma by helping you along holding your coat for you and putting on your shoes keeps you from living your life as actively as you should live it. . . . A long complicated sentence should force itself upon you, make yourself know yourself knowing it." *How to Write, Composition as Explanation,* and even *Picasso* provided further clues. The essence of them was that her use of words pierced the conventional fabric, made one see things as well as words with a direct and simple stare, pudgy, primitive, and unforgiving. The mood resembled that of some contemporary painting, massive and a little crude. It had its uses, but its abuses as well. Whether we like it or not, we aren't simple: simplicity nowadays has to be cultivated; and in cultivating it we may produce other things, less admirable. We may, for instance, verge on sentimentality, the embarrassing mock-pathos of the adult behaving as he thinks a child behaves. This was Wyndham Lewis's accusation against the "Steinstammer"—this, and its interminability: "a cold suet-roll of fabulously reptilian length . . . heavy, sticky, opaque . . . weighted, projected with a sybilline urge . . . mournful, monstrous . . . of the sausage-by-the-yard variety." Lewis too wrote lengthy books—but Gertrude Stein's certainly seemed longer, and were sometimes pretentiously silly. Besides, literary fashions are irritating, and invective is fun. But Lewis was wrong to compare Miss Stein with Anita Loos's elaborate naivety, for the two styles were only superficially similar, and both had very different roots.

At her best, Gertrude Stein wrote freshly and well: the rest was simply the sound of tired conventional syntax being demolished. Take, for instance, her early description of returning to New York after the foggy Dickensian turmoil of London:

> I simply rejoiced in the New York streets, in the long spindling legs of the elevated, in the straight high undecorated houses, in the empty upper air and in the white surface of the snow. It was such a joy to realise that the whole thing was without mystery and without complexity, that it was clean and straight and meagre and hard and white and high. . . .

This is from *Q.E.D.*: there are many similar passages in her autobiographical writings and, significantly, in *The Making of Americans*. Today, the same rhythms recur in many American writers, from Hemingway to Carson McCullers; and it's one fascination of Miss Sprigge's biography that one finds their earlier traces, not in Gertrude Stein's aesthetic theories, but in the long, swinging, gossipy letters of her American family and friends. In Picasso's portrait, she sits there solidly, something between a Mexican peasant woman and an old-style American Maw. Scott Fitzgerald's words on first meeting her reinforce this impression; but they may also serve, I think, as a literary epitaph. "She looks like the Great Stone Face," he said. "What an old covered-wagon she is!"

RICHARD MAYNE

Gramophone Records

SONG is perhaps the only corner of music that has failed to benefit from the advent of LP. While symphonies and operas, and even in some degree contemporary music, cascade from the factories, the number of songs has not increased proportionately. The fact of the matter is that the old 78s provided most convenient accommodation for a couple of *Lieder*. Today even a ten-inch LP holds at least eight, of which some you may already have, some you may not like, and some may not be particularly well done; there is no possibility of choosing individual songs as there once was.

But there is surely another reason for the relatively small number of songs recorded. There are today precious few singers who can give performances, not of a couple of songs but of a whole recital, of a kind that one wants to listen to repeatedly. The singing of *Lieder*, in fact, seems in danger of becoming a lost art. One of the outstanding exceptions to this is, of course, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. In a time of decline in vocal standards it is a joy to reflect that the most distinguished *Lieder* singer of today is a young man, still not much over thirty.

The two HMV discs on which he has recorded a large selection of Beethoven songs are an outstanding example of his art. His singing will

persuade many people that as a songwriter Beethoven is underestimated. Almost all these were, of course, written before Schubert's creative years, and although few of them have a Schubertian plasticity and some are downright banal, they nonetheless serve to show that the world of German romanticism and its characteristic moods were already taking shape in song before Schubert appeared on the scene. Part of Fischer-Dieskau's greatness lies in his deep feeling for this world of mountain streams and nightingales, of anguished lovers and mysterious melancholy, in which the tormented heart seeks refuge in the unsullied world of nature. To it he adds a sort of moral fervour that is peculiarly Beethovenian. This is particularly evident in the six *Geistliche Lieder*. When these are sung as crudely as by Wilhelm Strienz on a ten-inch Decca MP, they seem unbearably trite and sententious. Fischer-Dieskau sings them with an entirely convincing prayerfulness. Elsewhere, as in "Der Zufriendene," he is unaffectedly and lightly humorous; "Adelaide" is sung with rapt tenderness, "In questa tomba" with darkened tone and fierce concentration; while "An die Hoffnung" makes me wish that Florestan (whose aria is recalled by this song) was a baritone. The opening words—"Hoffen soll der Mensch" are sung with memorable radiance. Indeed the variety of mood and colour that Fischer-Dieskau gives these songs is quite extraordinary; and his magnificent voice is under firmer control than sometimes in the past, so that one rarely has that uncomfortable feeling of a huge lorry negotiating a country lane. Accompaniment and recording are good.

A distinguished operatic tenor, Walter Ludwig, makes a disappointing impression on a 12-inch DGG disc devoted entirely to Schubert. He is obliged to heave his voice up to any note above his middle register in a way that deprives his line of evenness and his singing of ease. Nor does he atone for this by musical sensibility. Gérard Souzay is not perhaps yet fully at home in the songs of *outre-Rhin*, but on a ten-inch Decca disc he is on all counts far superior to Ludwig. He sings with a lovely quality of voice and an unfailing intelligence that is literary as well as musical. The lighter songs, such as "Die Forelle," which he does with fineness of touch, are best. His limitations become evident in a song like "Ihr Bild," where he misses the music's almost hysterical tension and gives a performance that is too reserved and reasonable. Jacqueline Bouneau accompanies competently and the recording is good.

The DGG Archive Series has produced a record of Mozart songs accompanied by Fritz Neumeyer on a fortepiano. I like the instrument's crisp sound, although in the role of accompanist its merits are perhaps less marked than in chamber music. Helmut Krebs sings most of the songs in a manner that is at once stylish and dry. Lotte Wolf-Matthäus does "Die Alte" entertainingly, but here and elsewhere most people will, I think, find Schwarzkopf's recital more attractive. The merits of this well-recorded Archive disc lies in the inclusion of rarities like the little cantata "Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls Schöpfers ehrt" and a funny little trio, that at moments sounds like a remote ancestor of the Viennese Heurigen song, called by the comic title of "Liebes Mandel wo ist's Bandel." It is, however, astonishing that a record forming part of a series edited with evident care and scholarship should be issued with neither notes on the music nor with the words of the songs.

Erma Berger sings nine of Wolf's Mörike songs in a neat, precise and fresh manner on a ten-inch DGG record. Her unaffected simplicity and astonishingly girlish voice are just right for Mörike's lighter verse, such as "Elfenlied." But in weightier songs, like the deeply moving "Karwoche," her little voice is out of its depth; and as one gets further into the record the ear becomes increasingly aware of a pronounced monotony of colour and mood. The recording is good, although high notes are not always quite comfortable. Lisa della Casa gives a somewhat conventional *Lieder* recital on Decca. She sings splendidly, but her interpretations are colourless and superficial. When sheer splendour of line can carry the day, as in Strauss's "Befreit," the result is radiant. But she skates on the surface of Wolf's "Geh, geliebte, geh" and even Brahms's "Von ewiger Liebe" is empty of emotion. The disc is under-recorded and the piano tinkles away, bassless, in the distance. Helga Mott's purely vocal resources are not to be compared to Lisa della Casa's, but her singing, on a technically indifferent Delysée record, shows style and sensibility. The desolation of Strauss's "Mein Herz ist stumm" is well caught and the line of Beethoven's "Andenken" fluently moulded. The disadvantages are a voice that is not always sufficiently steady, a certain caution that robs Strauss's "Ständchen" of its rapture and a curious lack of perspective between the voice and Erik Werba's excellent accompaniment.

Much of the best of these mixed bags is a DGG disc of recordings taken at recitals given by Irmgard Seefried. The core of this attractive record consists of Moussorgsky's little song cycle, *The Nursery*, and Bartok's *Village Scenes*. Both are sung with great verve and gusto and with remarkable range of mood and colour. The Moussorgsky is especially graphic and lifelike, and the passage in which the child falls off his hobby horse and is comforted by his nurse is tenderly done. Similarly in the Bartok the old peasant's wild laughter comes across most excitingly. Above all there is a complete avoidance of the cosy sentiment that this singer can all too easily distil, and her voice is wonderfully fresh and controlled. If her Schubert and Brahms here sound no more than good, her Wolf group is certainly the best of those in the discs reviewed, and is unmarred by the dinkiness that spoils

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Strauss's "Ständchen." Erik Werba's accompaniment is again first rate, and the recording, if a bit patchy, is in the main good. The one drawback is the tiresome bombardment of sustained applause that greets the end of each group of songs.

HMV have issued a superb performance of Berlioz's *Les Nuits d'Eté* by Victoria de los Angeles and the Boston Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch. I have long had a passion for these wonderful songs, but this disc has made me more acutely aware than ever before of their real greatness. Under Munch's expert hand the orchestral playing is magnificent and realizes every detail of texture, line and rhythm. Victoria de los Angeles has moments of slight unsteadiness, but she sings with deep emotion and a rich quality of voice, and shows remarkable control of the long and difficult line of "Le Spectre de la Rose." On the other side is an ardent account by the same performers of Debussy's early "La Demoiselle Elue." Apart from substantial patches of troublesome background roar, the recordings are full and easy to reproduce. I do urge Berliozians not to overlook this record, however tepidly they may feel about the Debussy song.

Irma Kolassi's earthy, pungent voice is ideally suited to Ravel's *Cinq mélodies populaires grèques*, and she sings them with fine fervour on a Decca ten-inch MP. Occasionally her top notes sound a bit pinched, but the manner in which she handles the "Song of the Lentisk Gatherers" is intensely moving. The "Chansons Madécasses" are less immediately attractive. But their curious blend of exotic sensuality and bitterness, together with Ravel's imaginative handling of the flute, cello and piano accompaniment, make these songs particularly fascinating. Kolassi is perhaps less compelling here, but the performance is a good one, although the recording is not quite free of distortion. The disc is issued with sleeve notes on the music *and* a card containing the texts in French and English. This exemplary procedure might with benefit be noted by other companies. There should be no question of issuing a disc of songs without the original text and, where need be, a corresponding translation.

Finally I would particularly draw attention to a Oiseau Lyre disc bearing the curious title of *Songs for Courtiers and Cavaliers*. One side is devoted to the Italian monodists of the early seventeenth century and culminates in a magnificent lament, "Infelice Didone," by Sigismondo d'India. This is music of astonishing power, and it is exceedingly well sung by Helen Watts, a contralto new to recording. The other side contains an attractive if less remarkable selection of songs by Henry Lawes, the majority of which were written at the time of the Commonwealth. Here again Helen Watts shows a fine range of colour and a sense of style, and her expressive voice is steady as a rock. She is well accompanied on a harpsichord and a chamber organ by Thurston Dart. The disc is outstandingly well recorded and the care that has gone into its preparation is evident from the manner in which the echo effect in Lawes's "Imbre lachrymarum largo" is handled. But once again—no words.

PETER HEYWORTH

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Competitors are invited to suggest a legend (in 12 lines of verse or 100 words of prose) to account for any one of these place-names: Bakewell (Derby); Catsfield (Sussex); Hints (Staffs); Nether Wallop (Hants); Nursling (Hants); Undy (Monmouth); Upper Swell (Glos.).

Report

Did Upper Swell get its name from a damsel's "vital statistics," as Jamie and N. P. Turner wickedly suggest? Does Undy derive from the Latin word "unde"? Adrienne Gascoigne, Mrs. K. J. Webb and others would have it so. Round Catsfield the legends are most numerous, from Avalind's "old cats' tale" of witchcraft to L. Nugent's more prosaic catsmeat man's placard "Cats Filled." All these were good, but I suggest that the prizes be divided among the entries printed. Close behind came John A. Melican, E. C. Jenkins, Leslie Johnson, Guy Hadley and T. E. Hendrie.

NETHER WALLOP

Beyond the Hyperboreans live they of Nether Wallop. About them men tell this story, that once a year they descend to the underworld and return with a certain drink, unlike wine, but as potent: whence the place has its name, which is to say, Beer from Below. Some, on the other hand, add that under the influence of the drink they smite foreigners on the rump or hindquarters, and thus give the name, that is, Hit on the Hindquarters. So they say, but I for my part do not believe it, for it seems a custom unworthy even of barbarians.

MOLTEN

This derives from the nickname given to a fifteenth-century incumbent of the parish, author of a curious devotional work which attained some fame in its day. In this he urged upon his flock the need for greater zeal and fervour in the faith. "So," he wrote in a memorable sentence, "may wee, by vertuous and deuoute living, succeede in takyng the devyll in the reare, and deale hym suche a wallope on the behynd that he shall not knowe how to sytte down for the reste of eternitie."

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

HINTS

In a neat little house, behind curtains of chintz,
Lived, long years ago, an old woman, whose hints
On matters of medicine, cookery, love,
And the influence of heavenly bodies above
Drew folk from all parts of Staffordshire's county
To seek and partake of her knowledge's bounty.
Some called her wise woman, and some a plain witch:
But none tarred and feathered her: none queered
her pitch.
In fact, she so prospered, her hints gave such pleasure,
That people moved near her to gain their full measure.
And so round her house with its curtains of chintz
Grew up that delightful community, Hints.

G. J. BLUNDELL

BAKEWELL

A poor Derbyshire widow, having spent her last sixpence, was making bread when in flew a magpie, bearing in its beak a golden ring which it dropped into the dough. "Heaven be praised," she said, and put the dough in the oven. An hour later a hungry man came a-begging. "Poor soul," she said and taking out the steaming loaf she broke it and offered him half. From his portion fell the ring, and slipping it on he disappeared, leaving behind a bag of gold pieces. The widow's generosity became widely known and ever after the place was called Bakewell.

N. MATTHEWS

UNDY

After six working days, He'd missed
Only one name out from His list.
Gabriel approached de Lawd and stated:
"Dere's still one place ain't nominated."
De Lawd, Who had remained in bed,
Was visibly annoyed. He said:
"Git outa here! It's Sunday, man!"
Gabriel promptly turned and ran
And shouted to the folks below:
"It's Undy, fellers: now you know!"
They, bowing to the heavenly will,
Received the name, and keep it still.

T. W. B.

A Welsh Coxswain

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CATSFIELD

Out of all of the towns in the fair Sussex downs
Catsfield is most worthy of fame;
And its chief claim to glory is told in this story
(From which it has gathered its name).
In nine hundred and four (or it might have been more)
The town was infested by parrots;
Which were terribly rude and ate all the town's food—
They even ate boiled beef and carrots.
They might be there still (they were so hard to kill)
But an army of cats happened by;
The battle was short, every parrot was caught,
The field was the cats'
That is why.

RODNEY LYONS

City Lights

Hey Ding-a-ding-a-ding

The mating season is in full swing. Last week it was Courtaulds and British Celanese, this week it is Hawker Siddeley and the Brush Group. Rumours of a match have been about for some time. Hawker plans to meet the end of the aircraft boom by branching out into other things, particularly nuclear energy. Brush, which specialises in heavy electrical machinery and is the world's largest manufacturer of diesel engines, is in trouble: its high proportion of prior charge capital has always prevented its trading results from making their full effect on equity earnings, and this year, with a drop in profits, it has paid no dividend at all. Shareholders are likely to welcome Hawker's offer of a share exchange—particularly Tillings, which owns a fifth of the Brush equity.

Hawker is branching out equally vigorously in Canada. The bulk of the fortune left by Sir James Dunn when he died last January consisted of his 60 per cent. holding in Algoma Steel—a company which he had built up from virtual bankruptcy in 1935 to become one of Canada's two largest steel producers, and which was so much regarded as his personal property that it has never yet paid a dividend. The solicitors to his estate have been negotiating the sale of 500,000 shares in Algoma (just under a third of the total), and the larger part of this block has been taken up by a British-Canadian syndicate. The dominant partner in the syndicate (with 150,000 shares) is Avro Canada. Hawker Siddeley's prosperous Canadian subsidiary.

* * *

It is still far from certain whether Mr. Thorneycroft has managed to stop the trek of shipping companies to Bermuda. Those which have already gone or were planning to go are now busy trying to decide whether a 40 per cent. investment allowance is sufficient reason for changing their minds. The chairman of P. & O., for example, admits that the position has changed but has not yet had time enough to decide whether the company should reduce its planned investment in Bermuda. Its new subsidiary there, it appears, has already ordered five tankers and intended to bring its order up to seven: orders for the whole P. & O. group amount to only eighteen. Court Line, which had applied for permission to set up a wholly-owned subsidiary in Bermuda, has had its application turned down by the Treasury. Accepting this refusal bravely, and assuming for some reason that the investment allowance will remain at its present level for the next ten years, the company has decided to postpone its plans for the time being. Stanhope, with a half-interest in a Bermudan subsidiary formed last summer, is expected to announce its reaction within a day or two: London & Overseas Freighters, it is thought, will not allow the chance of paying less tax to blind it to the advantages of paying no tax at all.

The shipbuilders, meanwhile, show no anxiety to draw any indirect benefit from the concession to their customers. The latest figures show that new orders have fallen off only slightly and are still coming in about twice as fast as ships are being produced. At the end of March, the order book was worth £915m., enough to keep the industry busy for more than five years. But while the orders are pouring in, output shows no sign of rising. The companies can hardly put the whole blame on steel shortages and labour troubles.

* * *

Surprisingly little is known about company finance: even the scrappy information contained in official statistics is gathered mainly from what is published by newspapers and the Stock Exchange. But the work which the National Institute of Economic and Social Research has been doing (with government help) on the accounts of public companies with a stock exchange quotation is making good headway, and it may soon be possible to find out rather more about the relations between industry and the City.

The figures already published are interesting enough. Not merely do they confirm several suggestions which already seemed likely—that public companies are expanding very much faster than private, for example, that a large part of their new capital is being raised in the form of prior charges and that big companies are better placed to take advantage of such cheap financing than small ones. They also imply that companies with quoted shares spend considerably more on expansion than they can raise from internal sources (the opposite is true of companies taken as a whole), and that half of their capital expenditure takes the form of an increase in working capital. It looks as if the economists should pay more attention to the problem of financing stocks and the City more to the adequacy of its capital market. It looks, too, as if the Revenue might find it profitable to look more closely into the dividend policy of private companies.

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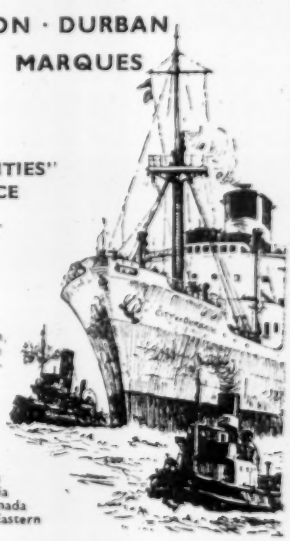

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The Chess Board

No. 389. Masterly Mistakes

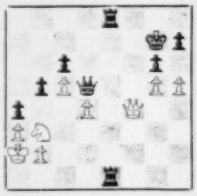
Not to say grandmasterly, for even world champions are not immune against bloomers such as we ordinary mortals may well avoid. Here's a position which Steinitz resigned in a very important game against Janowski. /1r5k/ 8/ 7p/ p1p1b3/ 2PktBP2/ 3QK3/ 1q3P2/ 7R/. Steinitz saw no defence against Black's threat of . . . R-Kt6, yet he could have drawn by P x B/ countering R-Kt6 with R x P ch, etc.

Here now is a position in which Steinitz's (unofficial) predecessor was stricken by a touch of chess-blindness quite unbecoming of the great Anderssen. /4r1k1/ 1p3pp1/ 6kt1/ p2p1Kt2/ 3Kt1rQ1/ 6K1/ PP4PR/ 5q2/. After (1) Kt-K7 ch, R x Kt; (2) Q-B8 ch Anderssen resigned because all he could see was . . . Kt-B1, followed by the Q-sacrifice and the R mating. Yet, both he and his opponent overlooked that by interposing the R first (recovering the loop-hole blocked at e7) Black could win.

A mistake subtle enough to defy discovery for 36 years, is reported by P. Schlensker in *Schach-Echo*. It occurred in the game Mieses-Post at Mannheim, 1914, and here's the position in which White resigned. /8/ 1p6/ 8/ 2p4R/ 1kP5/ 3K4/ p7/ 3B4/. Before throwing in the towel, Mieses had spent a lot of time (though evidently not enough), analysing the position. He had considered (1) R-R7, but he had abandoned the idea on account of . . . K-R4; (2) R x P, K-R3; (3) R-Kt8, K-R2. In point of fact, (2) R x P would have been all wrong whereas (2) R-R8! would have won the game for White. Does this mean to say that in the final position it was Black rather than White who should have resigned? It doesn't, for Szabo (in 1950!) found out that Black could have countered (1) R-R7 by . . . P = Q!, (2) R x P ch, K any; (3) R-R7 ch, K-Kt5!; (4) R x Q, stalemate.

To commit the unpardonable blunder of needless resignation one doesn't have to be a grandmaster; and just to prove the point, here is a position achieved by that old friend and fellow-duffer, Mr. A. N. Other. /r3r1k1/ pb3p1p/ 1qp3pB/ kt3Q3/ 8/ 1BP5/ PP4PP/ R3K2R/. Seeing only that his Q was pinned the poor boob resigned; yet, he could have won most elegantly by (1) B x P ch, K x B; (2) R-B1 ch, K-Kt1; (3) R-B8 ch and mate next move.

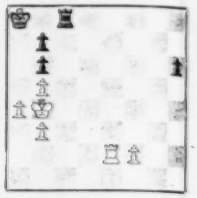
A: H. E. Atkins 1902



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White resigned. How, instead, could he have forced a draw? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins; and to facilitate the witty but none too easy 7-pointer I might add that it may be useful to proceed step by step. Usual prizes. Entries by May 6.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1927

C: M. S. Liburkin 1947



REPORT on No. 386. Set April 6

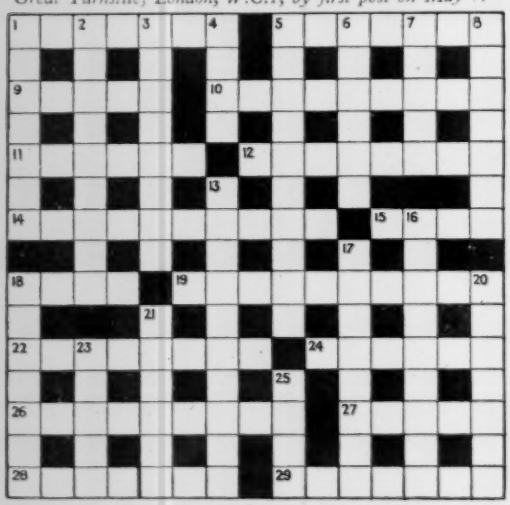
A: (1) . . . B-B7 ch; (2) RxB, Q-R8 ch, etc.
B: (1) R-Kt3 ch, K-R5; (2) R-Kt7, BxP; (3) R-Kt4 ch, K-R4; (4) R-Kt3, B-B4!; (5) R-Kt8, K-R3; (6) KxB, K-R2; (7) R-Kt4!, P - Q5; (8) R-R4 ch, etc.
C: (1) PxP ch, B-K5!; (2) RxB ch, KxP; (3) R-QKt4!, PxR (4) K-B2, K-K5; (5) KxP, Q-Q5; (6) K-Kt3, K-B4; (7) K-R4, K-B5; (8) P-Kt6!, etc.
if (1) . . . KxP; (2) RxP ch, followed by R-B2!.
if (1) . . . K-Kt4; (2) RxP, B-Q6; (3) R-B1, KxP; (4) K-Q2, K-K5; (5) R-QKt1!, BxR; (6) K-B3, etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, C. Sandberg, C. Sansom, N. G. Wilson. In 388, **A**, read *must* mate (for *can* mate).

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 248

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 248, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 7.



ACROSS

1. Good and bad fellow or bull-fighter (7).
5. Mesopotamian walk for a hiker? (7).
9. Island the reverse of mended (5).
10. Lists a synopsis of prohibitions embracing the dead (9).
11. Food for the old one distributed (6).
12. Faded away like a fairy abandoned (8).
14. The letters are about a wild animal, but they are mounted on tame ones (10).
15. Mail for Machin (4).
18. Fish with a tail (4).
19. School which has nearly all of the pains in season (10).
22. Former Russian leader has legislation introduced for parasites (8).
24. In split seconds the devil only just makes contact (6).
26. I am among the mountains pursuing a creature of the night for the places of death (9).
27. Fuel town (5).
28. Wooden ruler (4, 3).
29. Pieces of literature a child catches (7).

DOWN

1. A self-important person makes the shell break (7).
2. Declare nothing second-hand although showing signs of hard wear (9).
3. Reject the record I am in to beat (8).
4. "Trampled and mocked with many a loathed ——" (Shelley) (4).
5. One who watches intently a series of games to love (10).
6. Beat up relations for a low female (6).
7. Means of fastening found in the wall at church (5).
8. Lived for a team in the champions' colours (7).
13. Reducing the note I chant (10).
16. Vegetable which makes the little fellow all right among most of the food (9).
17. The poet holds a competition in verse about New York (8).
18. Where to get a lift for someone who is crazy about a sailor (7).
20. Food mainly distributed in shares (7).
21. Food which almost makes one sick after a period of going without (6).
23. Drink in a measure (5).
25. Deity which has a dual existence? (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 246

S	K	I	D	D	A	W	■	S	T	O	P	P	E	D
A	■	S	■	R	■	A	I	■	S	■	A	■	E	■
C	O	L	L	A	P	S	E	D	■	T	E	N	O	R
K	■	E	■	P	■	H	■	E	■	R	■	T	■	I
B	A	T	H	E	T	I	C	■	T	A	B	A	R	D
U	■	■	■	R	■	N	■	M	■	C	■	L	■	E
T	U	B	A	■	I	G	U	A	N	O	D	O	N	S
■	■	A	■	E	■	T	■	I	■	N	■	O	■	■
B	A	C	K	G	R	O	U	N	D	■	O	N	U	S
A	■	K	■	G	■	N	■	S	■	C	■	■	■	E
N	E	W	E	S	T	■	A	P	P	A	R	E	N	T
S	■	A	■	H	■	S	■	R	■	R	■	T	■	T
H	O	R	S	E	■	T	R	I	U	M	P	H	A	L
E	■	D	■	L	■	U	■	N	■	E	■	O	■	E
E	P	S	I	L	O	N	■	G	E	N	E	S	I	S

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B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Manchester. Duties involve primarily collection and writing of news stories for Television News and Newsreel under supervision of Regional News Editor. Also expected to share in production of Sound news and topicality programmes including rehearsal and production of news broadcasts in studio, and to take an interest in all work of the department. Professional journalistic (reporting) experience and ability to spot visual stories, brief cameramen and write factual reports of filmed events for use of News and News-reel script-writers essential. Experience in technique of Television and Sound news reporting an advantage. Knowledge of North Region and understanding of its people also important. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 maximum. Requests for application forms enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.160 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

OPENINGS exist for Accountants, 25 and upwards, wishing to take up a commercial career in the John Lewis Partnership. Initially the work will be based upon London and may require some travelling but, depending upon the ability and personality of the applicant, the work ultimately will not necessarily be confined to the Accountancy field. Ability in management organisation and methods is required, and although a professional qualification is an advantage, it is not considered essential. Commencing salary not less than £850 p.a. Men interested should write giving full particulars of previous experience to the Director of Personnel, John Lewis & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, London, W.1, before May 11, 1957. Those selected for interview will hear not later than May 25, 1957.

MINISTRY of Labour and National Service. Applications are invited for posts as Social Worker at the Ministry's Industrial Rehabilitation Units. The Social Worker is required to give professional help and advice on rehabilitation and resettlement of disabled persons. Candidates must possess a Social Science diploma or equivalent qualification and preferably have had experience of social work. The posts are unestablished but candidates may be eligible for subsequent establishment at open competitions held by the Civil Service Commission. London salary scale (men) £665×£35—£1,000. The scales for women are at present somewhat lower, but are being increased each year until equality with men's scales is reached on January 1, 1961. The minimum of the scale is linked to age 25 and over, but an allowance of up to three increments within the scale may be granted exceptionally for years of experience beyond age 25. Lower rates are payable outside London and for successful candidates below age 25. Particulars and application forms from Ministry of Labour and National Service, O.E.11, 19 St. James's Square, S.W.1.

THE National Association of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies (Inc.) are about to appoint an additional Welfare Officer at H.M. Prisons, Birmingham and Liverpool. Only those with the necessary qualifications and experience in social work will be considered. The salary will be comparable to that which applies to members of the Probation Service. Further details and forms of application may be obtained from The General Secretary, N.A.D.P.A.S., 66 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, and must be returned not later than May 11, 1957.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for the following posts: Senior Children's Visitor. Applicants should hold a Social Science Degree or Certificate and/or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, and should have had casework experience. The Officer appointed will be responsible for the work of other Visitors on his/her area. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. III—£656 to £784 2s. 6d. Children's Visitors. Vacancies due to increased establishment. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. II, £609 17s. 6d. to £691 17s. 6d., plus £20 temporary excess rate. Applicants should hold University qualification in Social Science and/or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Successful candidates possessing the Home Office Certificate will be appointed at the first incremental point within the salary scale. Male applicants qualified to supervise senior boys may be considered for Grade A.P.T. III. Further particulars from the Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham 3, P.O. Box 93. Closing date for applications May 10, 1957.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for Child Guidance Clinic. Salary according to age on Grade A2 scale rising by annual increments to maximum of £515 p.a. plus £30 London Weighting. Applications stating age, experience and the names of two referees, to the Hospital Secretary, London Jewish Hospital, Stepney Green, E.1.

PUBLISHER seeks secretary with book-keeping experience. Hours 10 to 5, no Saturdays. £9 p.w. Box 2109.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LEADING industrial organisation, with headquarters in London, seeks Editor (male, approximately 30 years of age) for top-class house magazine. Administrative ability, experience of pictorial journalism and all aspects of magazine production essential; creative mind, drive and enthusiasm equally important. Salary and terms by arrangement. Apply, giving full details of career, to Box 2073.

ENGLISH for Foreigners. Residential teachers, male or female, for Summer Schools, Guildford, Redhill, Broadstairs. Interesting work, good salary offered. State experience, availability. Ede, Austin House Chambers, Guildford.

EDITORIAL Assistant required for established educational monthly. An interesting and responsible position which also includes duties in connection with advertisements. Salary approx. £400 p.a. plus commission on advertising. Write, giving details of age, education and experience, to Publications Officer, N.C.V.A.E., 33 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

PERSONABLE young lady (25/35) with some sales experience reqd. for antique silversmiths. 'Phone CHA. 3618.

IRVING Theatre require Lady for general office work & typing. WHI. 8657.

IRVING Theatre req. part-time Typist from 9-2. Sal. £4. Ring WHI. 8657.

AN unusual and interesting vacancy occurs in large clinic, S.W. London, for an intelligent well-educated woman 28-40, to assist busy Principal. Reliability, efficiency, and organising ability are necessary qualifications. Box 2096.

SHORTHAND-typist needed at once for administrative headquarters of Quaker international work. Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

EDITOR'S Sec. reqd. for architectural magazine. Weekdays 10 to 6. Box 2025.

SECRETARY required by Wandsworth Old People's Welfare Council. Experience in Social service essential. Salary £500 to £600 according to qualifications. Application forms from Mrs. Monson, Hon. Sec., 82 Girdwood Road, S.W.18. Closing date May 4.

MEDICAL Secretaries Agency has vacancies. Shorthand usually essential. No fees. 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 9951.

SHORTHAND-Typists (Pool and Finance Department) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s., rising to £10 4s per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 1959.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTELLIGENT, travelled & artistically-minded girl, fluent French, seeks interesting post. Box 2023.

HOSPITAL almoner—in a rut—seeks suggestions for holiday and evening interests or employment. Box 1953.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff, m. or f., are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

PERSONAL

RENT-free & pocket-money: comfortable room, N.W.3, offered by elderly lady in exchange for part-time help. Box 2103.

MIDDLE-aged bachelor on leave from the East seeks male companion for Continental or other holiday and/or companionship in England. Interested in theatre, books, travel. Box 2102.

DOUBLE garage, 28ft×9ft, for 2-car owner in Paddington area. AMB. 5089.

BACH., 26, sks. similar, to find & share flat-let, Wandsworth area. Box 1912.

OXFORD graduate offers three seats in car to Riviera, May 14. Box 2026.

YNG. man, 26, sks. comp (m.). Hike to Rome/Athens. Start May/June. Box 2075.

FORBIDDINGLY highbrow, 18 yrs., undergrad. sks. 1-2 partners for Austrian mountain walking in Aug. Return poss. by parental car. Box 2012.

FAMILY motoring to Fr. Riviera last 2 wks. Aug. sk. yg. couple to share exps. French useful. Pointing. 76 Elms Rd., S.W.4.

MATHS. & Physics. Graduate will coach for G.C.E. & Inter. B.Sc. MAC. 7968.

COULD present-day society be improved? Come and contribute your ideas to group meetings and conferences of the Progressive League. Write Sec., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.1.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd. S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

BOOK Sale. April 30-May 11 at The Times Bookshop, Wigmore Street, W.1. WEL. 3781. Thousands of ex-library books at 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s.

ENGLISH couple offer bed & breakfast (Engl.) in mod. panoramic flat overlkg. Palma Bay. Write: Sieve, Calle Tenient Mulet 93, El Terreno, Palma de Mallorca.

COTE d'Azur: Antibes. Furn. accom., own kit. Nr. market, sea. Box 1793.

PERSONAL—continued

WANTED—small upright piano. Narrow stairs. Peace of mind sought. How much? Box 1940.

FOREIGN Girl, domesticated and willing, immed. available. Eductour. KNI. 4132.

"AU Pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour. KEN. 8806.

PAYING guests acc. & exchanges in gd. fam. wanted for Continental children/studs. W. End, seaside, entry. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd. S.W.7. KNI. 4132. KEN 8806.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now available 1s. post free. Welfare Advisory Centre (CU), 123 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

HUMANISM is an outlook for persons who think. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

EXCHANGE-Holidays with French teen-agers. 3-4 weeks in each country bet. July 3 & Sept. 13. £14 incl. travel. Dets.: Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Road, N.W.3.

MAY Festival of Folk Dances: May 17-20 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; May 24, "Humorous Writing" & Music Course.

TO those of you who appreciate good clothes, we offer a Savile Row cut suit. Individually fitted & tailored by hand, in pure worsted materials, from as low as 22gns. Roberts, 10 Lower John St., W.1. GER. 4085.

WRITE (or Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

CONTACT Lenses. Booklet sent. Modern Contact Lens Centre, 7 (T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Deferred terms.

FRESHLY roasted pure coffee by post 7s. per lb. Rayner, 101 Antrobus Rd., W.4.

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London, Liverpool & Manchester. 72 Gloucester Pl., W.1. WEL. 4042.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If your eyes are tired or strained visit a qualified Bates Practitioner. Miss E. Sage, 76 Twyford Ave., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

REGINALD Reynolds' new play for the toy theatre, Massacre of Penny Plain, 3s. 6d. Catalogue of theatres & plays: Benjamin Pollock, 44 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

YOU threw a party last night, didn't you? If you can pluck up courage to look into what used to be the drawing-room, you may find a bottle of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry among the debris. (You may.)

BURGESSES and their Boroughs vote for delicious Burgess' Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

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PAINTING HOLIDAYS
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SPAIN, ITALY, YUGOSLAVIA
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15 days fully inclusive

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These holidays are for those who have never painted or drawn before.

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Air Passages and Hotels available, also

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AIR holidays. Austrian Tyrol by air—inclusive fortnight above Innsbruck, 36¼gns. Yugoslav Adriatic, cost by air—two weeks, 45gns. Salzburg Lake District—fortnight at lovely Fuschl—37gns. Also Swiss Alps and Lakes, Spain, Italy, etc. Brochure from Wings, Ltd., 48(B) Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1. AMB. 1001.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

WHY not join our Rome and Sicily Escorted tour May 26? All travel by scheduled air services. Illus. brochure free Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue London, W.C.1. CHAncery 6436/7.

ROMAN Holiday. Rome and its environs. Excursions Florence, Venice, Naples, Capri. Short intensive courses Italian, Art, Music, Singing. Exchange and Paying Guest visits arranged. Regent School of Languages, Via Sistina 121, Rome. Tel. 474722. (Authorised by the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction.) Ladies' Residential School, Rome New term: Monday, May 6. For full particulars, apply Regent School of Languages, 24 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. TRA. 3011.

NEW Vistas—1957 by Rail and/or Air. Escorted travel—independent holiday. Spain, Andorra, Portugal, Tangiers, Malta, Maderia, Norway, etc. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

HOUSE Party Holidays: our house parties for professional people offer carefree informal holidays at reasonable cost. They are held at attractive centres by the sea in Britain (Sussex, Cornwall, Wales), at Vevey on Lake Geneva, in the Austrian Tyrol, Sweden and the Italian Riviera. Opportunities for foreign language practice and tuition. Special family reductions and supervision of children. Costs from 8gns. in Britain, £28 10s. abroad. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

P.S. Harold Ingham announces a very few vacancies in three special tours, Rome-Athens - Knossos - Delphi - Venice. 22 days, 76gns. Departures August 2, 16, 30. Apply to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CHARM, b/s. room, £1 p.w. plus 1 hour help daily & occas. babysitting (2 angels). Musician welc. (piano avail.). SPE. 0363.

EXCEP. convenient travel facil., open posn. facing green, b/s., £2 10s. & £3 3s. Bus. prof. women pref. Nr. Olympia. Box 2024.

OFF Finchley Rd., nr. Hampstead Heath, cheerful sgle./dble. rooms, use kitchen, garden. Permanent/temporary. SWI. 2684.

YOUTH House International Community invites applications for residence from persons between 18 and 35. Write to Secretary, 250, Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

SHARE of roomy, pleasant flat, 5 mins. Heath, tube, buses, offered woman 30-40 requiring quiet and independence for work. £4 4s p.w. inc. light, heat. SWI. 2496.

FOUR Furn. flats central district, 3 gns., 4 gns., 6 and 8 gns. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

LARGE bed-sitting room, own tel., use kitchen, bathroom. 2½gns. weekly. Gentleman only. LAD. 1458 after 7 p.m.

NEAR Highgate Woods. Two good bed-sits. offered private flat, use kitchen & bathrm. Suit bus. wom./students. Box 2062.

ATTR. flatlets newly dec., Wimbledon Pk. Sgls. 45s., dbls. 55s./65s. WIM. 9516.

SUNNY, very comf. divan-bed-sit., breakf., meals optional, moderate terms. Mod. quiet hse., 25 mins. W. End. GLA. 7297.

SHABBY bed-sit., k. & bath. 50s. wkly. Queensway, W.2. BAY. 7470. Sat. 10-12.

COMF. div. rm. use tel., bath., ckg. facs., suit gentlemen, 42s. MAI. 1093.

BIRCHINGTON-on-Sea, Kent. Comf. well-furn. 3-rm. flat, first floor. Dble. bedroom, h. & c., sitting-rm., kitchenette. Nr. sea, shops, buses, stn. Suitable full-time occupation. Ideal long weekends, hols. 4 refs. 4gns. wkly. 12 months' tenancy. Box 2029.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

CONSULTING room wanted N.W.3, quiet, use of another room and toilet, daytime only, by psychoanalyst. Few patients; suit owner large house/flat. Alternatively: 5-6 room unfurnished garden-flat. Box 2093.

YOUNG intelligent business woman requires accom. Central London. Box 2082.

AUSTRALIANS & New Zealanders req. furn. acc. with own kit. GER. 9050.

ENG. Bus. Cple., quiet, mid-aged, no childrn., sk. fur. flat. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

LONDON. Schoolmaster, 31, seeks to share s/c. flat. Box 2051.

YNG. prof. woman seeks pt./unf. acc. N.6/N.1 pref. 2 rms./sep. k. Box 2078.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

AMERSHAM, Bucks. S.-d. house, 3 beds., garage space, nr. Stn., shops. Good cond., pleas. gdn. £3,000 o.n.o. Box 2084.

SCHOOLS

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills, 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M.D.C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

NEW School, Kings Langley, Herts (co-ed. day and boarding). Based on Steiner methods, avoiding early specialisation. Nursery ages, 3-6. Lower school, 6-14. Upper school 14-18. G.C.E. exams. Transport for younger children within 5 mile radius.